

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH SUPPLEMENT: SIXPENCE.  
THE LATE LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL By Post, 6½d.



FUNERAL OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL: THE SCENE IN WOODSTOCK CHURCH.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A new game has, it seems, been at last discovered which threatens to push even whist itself from its high stool. In the great club which has been for years its home, I am told whist has been expelled in favour of it. The idea is so distasteful to me that I do not care to mention its name, but derive what comfort I can from the reflection that other rivals have bidden almost as fair for the supremacy, reigned for their little day (that is, in the afternoons), and are forgotten. Bézique was at one time in the ascendant: an almost childish game, which somehow ministered to the morbid pride of its devotees by making ten its lowest unit. (Lawn-tennis players insist, by-the-bye, on beginning their score at fifteen, so there must be some attraction in this absurdity.) If the truth were confessed, almost all the recent novelties in card games have been suggested by the desire to gamble, the improvements consisting, in fact, in the opportunities for making money; there are no merits in the inventions themselves, and after they have served their purpose—been the ruin of a few score of players—they die out. It is more difficult to understand why games into which the desire of gain does not enter should flourish for a season with quite tropical luxuriance and then suddenly fade utterly away. It is only a few years ago that the tap of the croquet-ball promised to be as eternal as that of the woodpecker; the first inquiry by those who thought of taking a house in the country was, "Has it a croquet-ground?" The game may be almost said to have had the blessing of the Church, so universally was it patronised by curates. A few old-fashioned folk resented their quiet bowling-greens being turned to this purpose, and objected to the flirtations which it encouraged. Some enterprising persons strove to stem the tide of its success by inventing rival amusements, the very names of which are now forgotten: lawn-billiards was one of them, a game where you pushed the balls with long lances and made cannons which would have astonished Mr. Roberts. What caused the downfall of croquet it is difficult to say; perhaps it was the cheating that went on in it; perhaps it was the ill-feeling caused by being "croqué" to great distances. But it was ousted by lawn-tennis very rapidly. Croquet was a dull game (except for the rows that arose about foul play), but it was picturesque, full of colour, and permitted of wearing the most fashionable costumes; yet lawn-tennis with sticks and a net (as if one were ferreting) and its half-dressed players put it, literally, "out of court." It was the more extraordinary since old and young could play at the game, while the other could only be enjoyed by those possessing strength and agility. This advantage, though it availed croquet nothing, is an important factor, and has no doubt contributed to the universal popularity of golf, which now of all our outdoor games holds the field, except the cricket-field.

In this respect whist and cricket are alike: the supremacy of one as an outdoor and of the other as an indoor game has never seriously been threatened. I cannot suppose that Bridge—its hateful name has slipped out after all—will succeed in ousting whist, or golf in superseding cricket. Yet the insecurity of life in games, however brilliantly they may have run their course, and however firmly their popularity may have seemed to be established, might well form a theme for the moralist, if he should deign to condescend to it. One of the most curious examples of it was the spelling game, which, childish as it would seem to be, for years monopolised our leisure. Old and young, gentle and simple, joined in it. With a sufficient supply of ivory letters the attractions of the drawing-room were complete. Sometimes the letters spelt words which the person who set the puzzle had certainly not anticipated, and were a little embarrassing; sometimes he had not spelt his word right, which naturally gave him (for the time) a great reputation as an inventor of problems, and sometimes the task, easy as it seemed, had to be given up in despair. I remember one very puzzling collection of letters, E R L Y A A T B, which was said to have been hit upon by Lord Palmerston, and which kept her Majesty the Queen awake at night. It is not at all an out-of-the-way word, yet I have only known one person to discover it. A still more curious example of an "old usage thoroughly worn out, the soul of it fumed forth, the heart of it torn out," was that of the double acrostic. It is hardly too much to say that the very best intellects in London and at the Universities—Whewell, for one, was understood to be a great gun at them—condescended to invent these problems. They had a regular literature of their own, and caused more headaches than whisky punch. Familiar as they once were, I have now forgotten even the form of them; but I recollect a species of riddle being introduced incidentally in one of them which I have always thought to be meritorious. The question was, "What were those famous lines made by an Englishman which no Englishman has ever quoted?" And the answer, "The lines of Torres Vedras."

It is a good rule in life, considering its changes and chances and the fleeting character of good resolutions, never to find fault with the decisions of a judge or a police magistrate. There is no knowing whether we ourselves, if in no worse character than that of a witness, may not some fine day or another come under his judicial eye.

Still, now and then one is tempted to eschew prudence and to express one's wonder at the vagaries of the Bench. A prisoner the other day was found guilty of placing two iron bars and a pickaxe upon a line of railway, with the intention of wrecking a train. But for a trivial circumstance, as explained by one of the witnesses (a station-master), a wholesale catastrophe must have taken place. The learned and excellent judge who tried the case denounced, as he well might, the heinousness of the offence, and sentenced the wretch to—what would one suppose? It is really worth a guess, from the extraordinary insufficiency of the punishment. Here is a villain who from mere "lightness of heart," as it would seem (though it should not be forgotten that he had been dismissed by the railway company), deliberately imperils the lives of scores of his fellow-creatures, against whom he has no grudge or complaint of any kind. His offence, in fact, is exactly similar to that of the dynamiter, except that he has not his excuse of political hatred. Would seven years' penal servitude seem too much for so abominable a crime? Supposing it had succeeded, and a host of passengers travelling upon business or pleasure, and who thought, as a great railway magnate has expressed it, that "a carriage in an express train was about the safest place in which a man could find himself," had been killed and wounded. What indignation would have been expressed against the villain that had brought such death and ruin into our midst! Yet what he has got for attempting to do it is the same sentence—one year's imprisonment—that is imposed upon a tramp who steals a goose from a green. There is nothing that exemplifies our disbelief in the occurrence of catastrophes because of their wholesale and horrible nature than our treating such attempts as these with such misplaced lenity. We seem to think it impossible that so shocking an incident should be permitted by Providence to occur, but once a fortnight at least the attempt is made, and no punishment is ever accorded to the miscreant who makes it that has the least claim to be called prohibitive. People have been blown up by dynamite, and therefore sentences are inflicted on those who attempt that crime in proportion to its heinousness, but because no express train has yet been wrecked, we treat those who design to do it with less severity than a poacher or a pickpocket.

Since the above was written I note that no less than four individuals convicted of this offence—the attempt to wreck a train—have been sentenced by another judge to the same light punishment. One would almost suppose that these judges are of those who "remain in town" and do not go on circuit, which precludes the necessity of endangering their own precious lives by travelling by railway.

In *Baily's Magazine* there is a curious account of the institution of racing touts, who, apparently, are much more respectable than they used to be. As a boy I frequented sporting circles to some extent, and remember that these gentry wore hay-bands round their ankles more often than gaiters. Moreover, they were in the habit of being grievously molested in the pursuit of their profession. On Isley Downs on a "trial" morning, before the horses were brought out, men with horsewhips used to explore the patches of furze that offered the only cover, and when they came upon a tout (lying on his stomach with opera-glasses in hand) they let him have it. He had, however, his patrons even then. I have seen him welcomed (when he brought news with him) in establishments to which you would have thought a person of his appearance could never have obtained access. I remember as a schoolboy being much impressed by an interview to which I was witness when a guest at a country house, between my host, a gentleman of great position, and one of these outcast-looking individuals: it disclosed to my innocent nature quite a vista of Turf immorality. The man had brought news that Concertina (first favourite for the Oaks) had broken down in her gallop. My host gave him some cherry brandy and a sovereign. Later on a Captain Conway called, a great sporting friend of my host's; on account of my youth my presence was not objected to, and I naturally listened to the conversation. I heard my host skilfully turn it on to the Oaks, which necessarily involved Concertina. The Captain "fancied" her, and my host indulged him by making a large bet against her at a trifle over the current odds. This conduct of his struck me as rather queer, and when the visitor had gone I said so. I have since often thought it was rather a cheeky thing in a schoolboy to venture upon a lesson in morality, but my host put me quite at my ease so far as that went. "Took advantage of him? Why, of course I took advantage of him. What is the use of one's keeping a tout if one does not utilise his early information?"

There is a not unfounded complaint, considering the eulogies that are lavished on their works, that we are just now a little overrun by geniuses. This is a class which used by common consent to be held rare: two or three in a century were thought to be sufficient. Now we have ten in a decade. These are mostly in the poetical line; there are one or two prose writers who are lauded to the skies, but these have also their detractors. So far as I can see, no one finds fault with our young poets; the efforts of their reviewers are directed to finding new words of praise for them. For my part, I think it a much better plan than that which used to be in vogue with our critics: "Here is

a young poet; let us heave half a brick at him," etc. The poetic nature requires encouragement rather than the bludgeon; but the incense is a little too strong. One does not grudge a wreath or two; no one says "No flowers," but there is no need to suffocate these young bards with roses. If another Tennyson were to arise we should not know what to say to him—all the eulogistic adjectives having been bespoken. For myself, I know very little about these matters; like Miss Rose Dartle, I ask for information, and this is what is told me by one who flatters himself he is "at the back of things." In old times critics, as is well known, were "those who had failed in literature and art." This naturally made them morose and very antagonistic to those who succeeded. They were journalists, but, with few exceptions, had little to do with literature, and with poetry least of all. The callings of author and critic were remote from one another. Nowadays very many authors supplement their work with journalism, and *vice versa*. To-day they are writing verses, to-morrow they are criticising the verses of somebody else. It is probable that these two classes, with the same tastes and the same aims, are socially brought a good deal together, and friendship is made between them, and they have constant opportunities of assisting one another by a word or two of praise. There is nothing discreditable in this—indeed, it is meritorious, inasmuch as it shows they have no jealousies among them; but the praise has been a little overdone.

It is fair to add that the excessive praise of our young authors is partly compensated for by the denunciation of our old-established favourites. A gentleman has been lecturing at the Royal Institution who has discovered that Dickens was not a "literary artist." This is not such very bad news. He moreover tells us that among persons of "culture" he is now quite out of the running. This also can be borne with equanimity; and the more so since, to judge by the prices given for the smallest memento of him at Mr. Edmund Yates's sale the other day, it is clear that there are a good many people ready to "put their money on him." Finally we learn that on taking down the twenty volumes of Dickens's works recently the lecturer "stood aghast at the inanity of his personages, at the crudity of his thoughts, at the inaptness of his diction, and at the vulgar details with which his pages were crowded." There are to be more lectures upon the English humorists by the same critic, but they can hardly rival this one. Perhaps, after all, as Lamb said of Coleridge's abstruse theological views, "it is only the gentleman's fun."

A young gentleman applied the other day to a clergyman after church for half-a-sovereign that he had dropped into the collecting-plate by mistake for sixpence. He could not afford to give half-a-sovereign, he said, and should be glad to have his nine-and-sixpence back again. Curiously enough, when one considers how prone is the natural man to be generous at other people's expense, the clergyman declined to accede to his request. He examined the contents of the collecting-plate, and found only a very few gold pieces, the donors of which were all identified. The device in question, therefore, appears to be a novelty in the art of swindling, and must be added to the long list of "plants." For my part, I am full against the young gentleman's getting his money back even if it was his money. I well remember that I did not get my money back when as a little boy I invested half-a-crown in evangelising the Tongataboo islanders. It was my only half-crown, and during a call upon the missionary with my people, which I found a little tedious, as I childishly amused myself with trying whether the coin could get into the slit, I dropped it into the mission-box. Everybody saw me, everybody heard me, but it was decided that what had been given even by accident in so good a cause ought not to be taken away again. And yet I read in the papers the other day that a beggar who was given a sovereign instead of a shilling by mistake had to refund the difference! O Missionary Enterprise, what wrongs are done in thy name!

The question is not unnaturally asked in connection with Louis Stevenson's (and of many another wise man's) desire to "die in his clothes," why do we, then, pray in the Litany to be delivered from "sudden death"? In old days, I think, it was the general view that a long illness was one of the merciful chances given to the sinner for repentance, and that it was usually spent in making himself ready for another world. The more modern idea is that a repentance of this kind, even if it takes place, is not worth much; that a failing brain begets few spiritual thoughts that are worth entertaining, and that as the tree falls so it must lie. The offices of the priest, at one time so imperative, are also no longer thought essential. We have grown more impatient of pain and sickness, as well as incredulous of their beneficial influences, while of death itself we are certainly less afraid. Since the thing must be, we say, the sooner it is over the better. As regards ourselves, this may be true philosophy; but, like most philosophies, it is of a selfish sort. It is not so much. I fear, to save those who love us the pang and distress of seeing us suffer, or to relieve them from wearisome ministrations, that we wish for a sudden end, as for our own sakes. We do not take into account the shock that such an event produces on those who are "cast in gentle mould."



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE FUNERAL OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

In this century most of our statesmen have been laid to rest in the churchyards near their homes, and there is a propriety in such a custom which cannot be gainsaid. And it was to Bladon, about a mile from stately Blenheim Palace, that the body of Lord Randolph Churchill was taken on Jan. 28. The coffin was removed from 50, Grosvenor Square early in the bleak morning, many scores of wreaths, from the Prince of Wales downwards, testifying to the wide circle of friends possessed by the late nobleman. The widow and her two sons, the Duke of Marlborough, the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord and Lady Curzon, Lord Tweedmouth, Lord De Ramsay, and other relatives, journeyed with the remains from Paddington by special train to Woodstock, where the first part of the service was held in the plain Gothic church. The Bishop of Oxford officiated, assisted by the Revs. Dr. Yule, Edgar Sheppard, and T. E. Chataway. Then a procession was formed, which proceeded through the little borough, where signs of mourning were universal, to Bladon churchyard. The "Committal" portion of the service was here conducted, the clergy having been joined by the Rev. G. Duncan. It was a pathetic scene, the sombre gathering contrasting with the snow which covered the landscape. Thus was reached the white milestone in Lord Randolph's road of life.

Simultaneously a great assemblage of friends, colleagues, and members of the public thronged Westminster Abbey. There was everything to remind one that it was a memorial service of a Member of Parliament. The flag of St. Margaret's, the church of the House of Commons, hung half-mast high, and inside the Abbey it seemed as though Parliament had already reassembled. The service commenced just after the beautiful chimes of Westminster, which Lord Randolph heard so often, had sounded forth from Big Ben. At the entrance in Dean's Yard there was Chief Inspector Horsley on duty, and no sooner was one seated than faces familiar at St. Stephen's were noticeable. Early to arrive was Sir Algernon Borthwick, who followed Sir Richard Webster into the choir-stalls. Sir George Lewis took his seat near the pulpit, and the dark face of an African showed how universal was the reputation of the deceased statesman. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir John E. Gorst came as old colleagues and friends to the end. While Dr. Bridge was playing the sweetly sorrowful "Marche Funèbre," Lord Randolph's bereaved mother, the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, was escorted from her bath-chair to a pew, where she sat with other relatives. By this time the seats in the choir were filled with distinguished politicians. Sir William Harcourt sat side by side with Mr. A. J. Balfour; not far off were the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Houghton, and Mr. Bayard, the American Minister, Mr. James Lowther, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. A. Morley, and Mr. A. Akers-Douglas. Lord Rosebery took a seat adjoining Sir William Harcourt's, and Mr. Henry Chaplin was behind them. Sir F. Knollys represented the Prince of Wales, and General Bateson the Duke of Cambridge. The first sentences in the Order for the Burial of the Dead were sung to music by Purcell as the clergy and the choir entered. The service was read in a clear and impressive manner by the venerable Dean Bradley, who was accompanied by Canon Duckworth, Archdeacon Farrar, and Canon Wilberforce. The choir rendered Goss's setting to the anthem "I heard a voice from Heaven," and a solemn effect was produced by the congregational singing of the two hymns chosen by Lady Randolph—"Rock of Ages" and "Now the labourer's task is o'er." At the conclusion of the service Handel's noble "Dead March" throbbed through the Abbey, where so often it has commemorated the burial of those who have "done the State some service," and the congregation slowly dispersed.

## THE WRECK OF THE "ESCURIAL" AT PORTREATH.

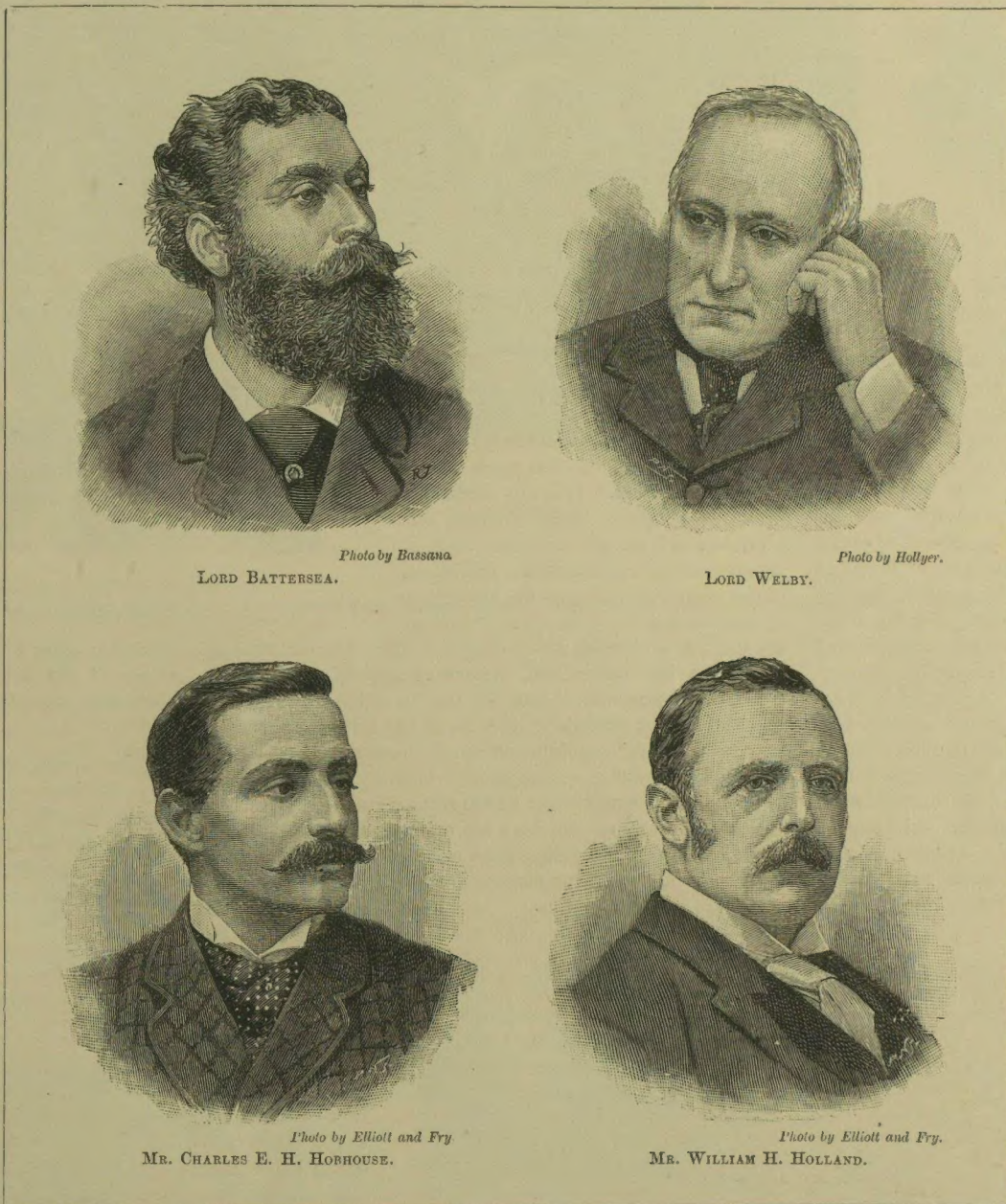
The terrible storm at sea on Jan. 25 resulted in the wreck of the steamer *Escorial*, owned by Messrs. Raeburn and Verel, of Glasgow, midway between Camborne and Redruth. The vessel, laden with coal, left Cardiff two days previously, with a crew of eighteen, en route for Fiume. It appears that a leakage soon put the fires out, and rendered the *Escorial* helpless. The Portreath coastguard sighted her early in the morning, lying low in the water, about three miles from the port. The St. Ives life-boat made a gallant attempt to reach her, but was beaten

back by the heavy sea. The Hayle life-boat arrived at Portreath, having travelled nine miles by road, and while it was being launched a cry was raised that some of the men of the *Escorial* were battling for the shore. The vessel had been driven perilously near the Gull Rock, and then stranded to the east of it. Her last signal was, "I am sinking." The crew who had not sprung overboard were seen clinging to the rigging, a piteous picture of human despair witnessed by hundreds who were helpless to assist. Only eight were saved, leaving at least ten, including the captain, drowned. This is one of the worst disasters on this part of the rock-bound coast of Cornwall during the last half-century.

## THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS.

At the reopening of Parliament on Feb. 5 the duties of moving and seconding the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne will be discharged in the Upper House by Lord Welby and Lord Battersea, and in the House of Commons by Mr. C. E. H. Hobhouse and Mr. W. H. Holland. Although Lord Welby has only sat in the House of Lords for a few months, his public career is of very long duration. Reginald Earl Welby is the fifth son



THE MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS IN PARLIAMENT.

of the late Rev. John Earle Welby, and was born sixty-two years ago. He entered the Treasury in 1856, where, after successive promotions, he served as Permanent Secretary from 1885 until his creation as a peer in 1894. He was "the man behind the throne" of various Chancellors of the Exchequer, who have all paid high tributes to his talents. Lord Battersea is better known as the Mr. Cyril Flower who represented Brecknock from 1880 to 1885, and the Luton Division subsequent to being raised to the Peerage in 1892. He married Miss Constance Rothschild, who has shown much practical interest in handicrafts for the villagers around Aston Clinton. Mr. Charles E. H. Hobhouse was formerly lieutenant in the 60th Rifles. At the age of thirty he was elected M.P. for the Devizes division of Wiltshire, in 1892. He acted as honorary secretary to Lord Onslow's committee of inquiry into the "Darkest England" scheme. Mr. W. H. Holland is a cotton-spinner, aged forty-four, who has represented the Northern Division of Salford since 1892. Formerly an alderman in Manchester, he is now a Director of the Chamber of Commerce in that city.

## "HÄNSEL AND GRETEL."

Humperdinck's fairy opera, "Hänsel and Gretel," has naturally proved so successful at Daly's Theatre that with the impossibility of its continuing longer at that home it has been transferred to the Gaiety Theatre, where it will be given in a series of matinées. We have spoken of its success as "natural," because the music is, in fact, so charming in its simplicity, and at the same time so solid

in its composition, that it strikes a unique note in modern music. The idea of combining these two hitherto distinct musical species is surely not a very recondite one, but it is one, nevertheless, which musicians have not, in either their ambition or their triviality, before condescended or aspired to do. The Gaiety interpretation with Mdlle. Douste as Gretel, Mdlle. Elba as Hänsel, and Mr. Charles Copland as the Father, goes with swing and neatness. The mounting of the angel scene is a delightful composition both of line and of colour; Mdlle. Douste acts with considerable charm, and Mdlle. Elba, while acting with no less perception and intelligence, sings artistically and well.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE PERTH MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

The splendid municipal buildings of Perth, perhaps the finest of their kind in Scotland, were totally destroyed by a fire which broke out early in the morning of Jan. 23. It is suggested that it was caused by sparks being carried from the chimney of the police office. Efforts on the part of the City and County Fire Brigades, aided by a manual worked by one hundred men of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, as well as the private brigade of Messrs. Pullar, were unavailing, and the buildings were burnt to the ground. They were erected in 1879 on the site of the old Town Hall, at a cost of more than £12,000. In the Commissioners' Hall there were valuable oil paintings and busts, and in the Council Chamber some fine stained-glass windows, which have all been destroyed. Fortunately, important documents were placed in the fire-proof Record Room, and all the Registrar's volumes were rescued. The buildings were insured, as were the pictures and windows, but money cannot replace the historic contents of the place, which lie in the black mass of ruins.

## THE VAGARIES OF THE WEATHER.

Once more King Winter is reigning in Great Britain, and skates are much in requisition. The ships in ports around our coast have been mantled with the snow, as picturesquely shown in our illustration, "Wintry Weather at Gravesend," and all over the kingdom severe frost has set in. Prior to this last change in the temperature, inhabitants in low-lying neighbourhoods were experiencing the inconvenience of floods. In some cases even, "Going to Church" by water was a necessity, rare to Englishmen, but common to Norwegians. The intense cold has penetrated even to the sunny south of France, overtaking those who left their homes in the north in anticipation of balmy brightness at Cannes and other resorts. The weather on Jan. 29 was the coldest experienced in many parts of the United Kingdom during this winter. Nearly eight thousand persons skated on the lake in Regent's Park, and in other districts of London there was abundant opportunity for this recreation. The race-course at Worcester was thronged with skaters, and in the Fens much racing took place. A snow block in the Highlands prevented the delivery of mails in Glasgow from Wick for four days. At Bristol snow fell on Jan. 29 for eight hours. Twenty degrees of frost were registered in many parts of the country, and on the Continent severe snowstorms have been reported. In the Pyrenees and the Vosges great cold has been experienced.

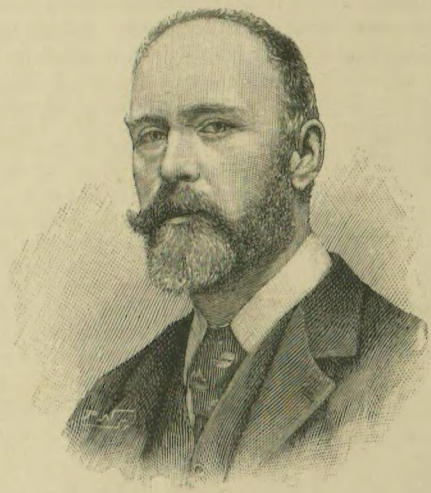
## TOURNAMENT AT BOMBAY.

A great deal of interest was manifested in Bombay, during the middle of last December, in the Naval and Military Tournament. Encouraged by the success which attended a similar programme given in April, General Gatacre and the committee decided to add many new features, with the result that crowds assembled on each day to witness the various contests. Tickets were resold at a premium, and even the trees overlooking the Oval were thronged with sightseers. On the second evening the tournament was attended by the Governor-General, Lord Harris, who, as a famous athlete, thoroughly enjoyed the capital sport provided. Little Miss Brackenbury, attired in the Royal Artillery uniform and escorted by troops, rode up to his Excellency and presented him with a programme. Immediately afterwards a bugle sounded, and the military tattoo commenced. All the tunes were Scotch, the pipers of the Royal Scots Regiment opening the proceedings. Five hundred men next marched in line, carrying coloured lanterns, while twenty military bands concluded the music with a splendid rendering of the "Old Hundredth." Driving by the Royal Artillery, an exhibition of skill with Indian clubs by two native regiments, tent-pegging, trick-riding, and gun-drill by men of the Royal Navy were warmly appreciated by the multitude. The Parsee Volunteers from Poona were especially popular.



## MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A.

Mr. George Clausen, the newly elected Associate, adds a new strain of foreign blood to our very cosmopolitan Royal Academy. He comes of a Danish family—although he himself was born in London a little more than forty years ago. His first start in art was as a decorator in Messrs. Trollope's employment; but from 1867 to 1873 he continued to attend evening classes at South Kensington. At the end of his apprenticeship, on the advice of the late Mr. Long, R.A., he took entirely to painting as a profession, and was successful in obtaining a national scholarship, which he held for two years. His first exhibited picture was in 1876, a black and white drawing which attracted the notice of Mr. Stacey



MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN,  
THE NEW ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Marks. His foreign experiences began in Holland, and furnished him with the subject of his first Academy picture, "High Mass at a Fishing Village on the Zuider Zee." For some time, however, he exhibited almost exclusively at the Institute, although a portrait of a girl at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1880 attracted a good deal of notice. His work matured slowly, and he was in no hurry to press it on the public. He lived apart from the ordinary centres of art sets, and passed his time almost exclusively among the subjects he painted, having fixed his home at Widdington, in Essex, not far from the borders of Cambridgeshire, a thoroughly agricultural district, but outside the fen country, where Mr. Robert Macbeth found his best inspirations. Among his most noteworthy works were "The Field Hand," exhibited at the Institute in 1883; "The Haymakers," in 1885; "The Stone-pickers," 1887; and "The Ploughboy," which was seen at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1888. In the following year his fine picture, "The Girl at the Gate," exhibited at the New Gallery, was purchased by the trustees of the Chantrey Fund. Since that time Mr. Clausen's reputation

studying the gifted French artist's work in common with others, he had no special relation with him as student or companion. Mr. Clausen is foremost among English "pleinairists," and in many ways his work goes beyond that of Bastien-Lepage. Of late years Messrs. Boussod Valadon have acquired everything which left Mr. Clausen's easel, and at this time they have at the Goupil Gallery an interesting collection of his work ranging over the best part of his career as an artist.

Mr. Clausen's election came rather as a surprise to the public, for although his claims to enter the Royal Academy were generally recognised, his chances of so doing seemed imperilled by his taking part in a crusade against that august body some half-dozen years ago. As a matter of fact, he came through the ordeal last week with comparative ease. His only serious competitor was Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, and the host of competent rivals, including Mr. Lorimer, Mr. Tuke, and even Mr. Shannon, obtained the merest modicum of support. Mr. Abbey's name was not before the "General Assembly" of the Academicians and Associates, therefore the question of his merits did not arise. It is, however, not improbable that his name will be forthwith put among the coming men, and that on the occasion of the next election we shall learn the opinion of the august body with which the decision rests.

## THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

The prospects of the British School at Athens are not encouraging, and unless some means be found by which a permanent endowment can be raised, there is great danger of its work being seriously impeded. It is not creditable to us as a nation to be told, as our Minister, Mr. E. H. Egerton, does in an interesting memorandum addressed to the committee, that we are altogether in the background in this important branch of archaeological research. The French School at Athens has an annual income of £3100, with grants for special purposes (£20,000 was voted last year for excavations at Delphi); the German School, £2000 a year, with aid for special work; and the American School, although, like our own, supported wholly by voluntary subscriptions, can count upon £1400 from sixteen Universities and colleges, and special help for excavation. All that we can show to compare with these encouragements given by other nations is that after eight years of active work in Greece

and Cyprus the subscriptions in support of the English School amounted to £333, and the donations to £36. With such limited means at their disposal the trustees are wholly unable to carry on their work in a manner worthy of this country, and they are equally unable to train students in archaeology, as done by the other countries. Of course the most obvious solution of the difficulty is the *deus ex machina*, the open-handed enthusiast with a well stocked purse; but at the best such endowments do not

There are various items in the expenditure of the latter museum especially where curtailment is possible, and the means for providing art instruction at Athens feasible. Further, by the exercise of a little tact, some arrangement could be come to with the Trustees of the British Museum and the Keeper of Antiquities whereby a sum should be set



"A WOMAN OF THE FIELDS."—BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A.  
By kind permission of Messrs. Boussod Valadon and Co.

apart annually for excavations to be made under the supervision of the British School at Athens, which is now too obviously dependent upon casual contributions.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Government taking over the business, lines, and plant of the Telegraph Companies in 1870 was celebrated on Monday, Jan. 28, by a dinner at the Hôtel Métropole, over which the Right Hon. Arnold Morley, the Postmaster-General, presided, with the Earl of Kimberley, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Jersey, Mr. James Bryce, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, and other Ministers. Mr. W. H. Preece, the electrician, and Mr. J. C. Lamb, to whose abilities and diligence the wonderful improvement and extension of the telegraph system is largely due, were



"A TOILER STILL."—BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A.  
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present with many other gentlemen of the General Post Office service. It was remarked that the surplus revenue of the Post Office and Telegraphs now amounts to £2,750,000 a year. The number of telegrams sent—inland, home, and foreign—has increased over tenfold since 1869, while their average cost has been reduced to one third of what it then was, and their transmission is effected in a fifth part of the time.



"EVEN-SONG."—BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A.  
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has been steadily progressing, and his works at the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, and the Institute have been among the chief attractions of those exhibitions. From his devotion to peasant life, and his strong realism in its portrayal, he has been classed as a pupil of Bastien-Lepage, but beyond having had the opportunity of

outlive the first benefactor. It seems a case in which our national pride is concerned, remembering the history of the Elgin Marbles, and therefore some permanent source of income ought to be found, even if it should have to be deducted from the actual sums provided for the British Museum or the still more voracious South Kensington.



## THE LATE M. DE GIERS.

The political prospects of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia will not be greatly affected by the loss of the aged Minister for Foreign Affairs, who died at St. Petersburg on Jan. 26; for M. de Giers had been expected to retire on the death of Alexander III., and had, in fact, taken no active part in State business for several months past. He was, indeed, at no time a statesman of commanding influence, or one whose power could be compared with that of his predecessor, Prince Gortchakoff, or with that of Count Nesselrode or Prince Mentschikoff under Nicholas I. An accomplished and useful official servant of the empire, with great experience and knowledge of affairs, and with considerable diplomatic tact, M. de Giers was still not so much an indispensable man as a man of that type which is always indispensable to a despotic system of government. He was born in 1819, of a Swedish family settled in Finland, was brought up as a Lutheran Protestant, to which form of religion he adhered throughout his life, and was educated, under the imperial patronage, at the Lyceum of Czarskoe Selo, not very far from St. Petersburg. At the age of eighteen he became a junior clerk in the Foreign Office, but after three years was sent to a subordinate consular post in Moldavia, and in 1849 was attached to the Russian army in the campaign of Transylvania against the remaining portion of the Hungarian national forces. In 1850 M. de Giers was appointed First Secretary of the Russian Legation at Constantinople, and for some time acted as Secretary to the Russian Commissioner in what were then called "the Danubian principalities," Moldavia and Wallachia, now forming the independent kingdom of Roumania. He resided at Bucharest, as Consul-General, after the Crimean War, until 1863, when he became the Russian Ambassador in Persia. From 1869 to 1872 he was Minister at Berne, the Federal capital of Switzerland, and afterwards at Stockholm. In 1875 Prince Gortchakoff, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, selected M. de Giers, who

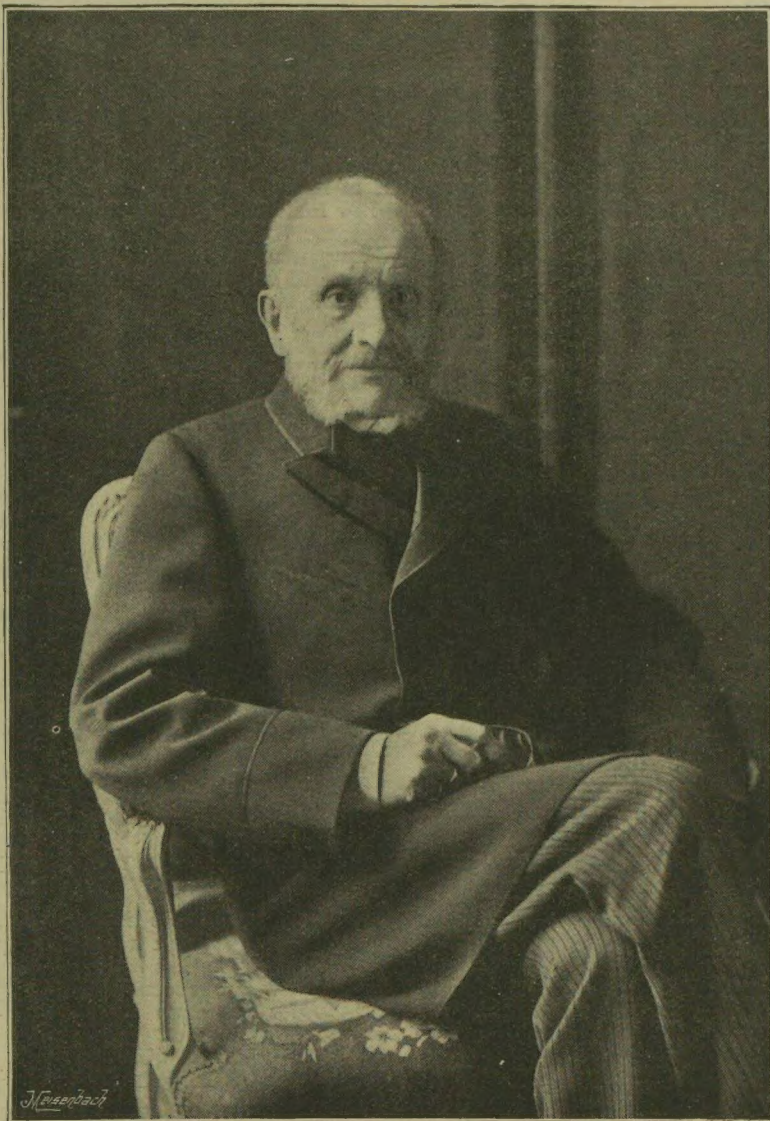


Photo by Piron, Paris.

THE LATE M. DE GIERS, RUSSIAN MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

had married Gortchakoff's niece, for the post of Permanent Under-Secretary of that department. This was at the time of the Herzegovina insurrection, followed by the war between Serbia and Turkey, the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 and 1878, the Congress and Treaty of Berlin, and the prolonged negotiations and discussions upon the Eastern Question. M. de Giers in 1882 succeeded Prince Gortchakoff in the office which he held until his death.

## SOMALI ATTACK ON A MISSION STATION IN EAST AFRICA.

At a place named Kulesa, on the Tana river, in British East Africa, the Somali natives, on Oct. 26, attacked the unfinished church of the American and Swedish missionaries. The five defenders, commanded by Captain F. S. Dugmore, late of the 64th Regiment, after an engagement lasting an hour, drove off the assailants with the loss of thirty killed and wounded. This was effected by firing from the roof, whence the movements of the enemy in breast-high grass and scrub could be watched and thwarted. The Somali commander was shot by Captain Dugmore at 600 yards' distance, with a Mänlicher carbine. This gallant defence saved the lives of a large number of helpless refugees sheltered by the missionaries. The assailants numbered about 1500, and were, until the loss of their leader, very ably handled. A few days before, Captain Dugmore had commanded the few Europeans and twenty-four native spearmen, at midnight, in a surprise of the camp of another Somali force on the Tana, when those raiders were dispersed, one fourth of their number being killed and wounded. These two engagements saved the mission stations from otherwise inevitable destruction. There was not a single British official, or Government-employed native, soldier, or policeman, on the whole length of the Tana, from its mouth to the head of navigation seven or eight hundred miles from the coast. Yet this region is British, one bank of the river belonging to the English Protectorate of Witu, and the other to the Imperial British East Africa Company. It was the third hostile raiding incursion of the Somalis during last year.



SOMALI ATTACK ON AN EAST AFRICAN MISSION STATION.

From a Sketch by Captain F. S. Dugmore, late of the 64th Regiment.



## PERSONAL.

The first Medical Congress in India is an event of undoubted importance, for in no part of the British Empire are sanitary questions more vital. The Viceroy attended the opening ceremony in Calcutta last Christmas Eve, and spoke wisely, though briefly, on the work of medical men in the past and present. The meetings were held in the College of St. Xavier under the presidency of Surgeon-Colonel Robert Harvey, Inspector-General of Hospitals in Bengal, and there were eight hundred members of the Congress. The President traced the marked decrease in the death-rate among British troops to the introduction of good water supplies. He specially urged the establishment of bacteriological laboratories for further study of Indian fevers. Dr. Haffkine and Mr. Ernest Hart were both popular speakers during the proceedings, which concluded with a brilliant soirée, given by Surgeon-Colonel and Mrs. Harvey in the Town Hall.

Among the anecdotes of Lord Randolph Churchill there is one which belongs to an early period of his education. In 1877 Lord Randolph was in Dublin, and one evening he went to see Mr. Irving in "Hamlet." The play was quite new to him, and he became so much excited as it proceeded that after each act he rushed behind the scenes to ask Mr. Irving what would happen next. At the end of the performance he said to the tragedian quite simply, "Do you know, I have never read a line of Shakspeare. Have you a copy of his works that you can lend me?" Mr. Irving happened to have in his dressing-room the Globe edition, in one volume, and Lord Randolph carried this off in triumph. A few days later he returned it with a note, in which he said, "I have read this from cover to cover. Shakspeare is perfectly glorious."

Lord Randolph Churchill was never very fond of reading, but he took a great liking to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and bought about fifty copies to send to friends. He could grasp the main points of a Blue Book very quickly, and could "cram" for a political speech in a few hours. His memory during the meridian of his career was very receptive, and in one of his platform utterances he recited an exceedingly long quotation from Burke with an accuracy which was, in actor's phrase, letter-perfect.

It is an interesting circumstance that although Lord Randolph was a strong opponent of Home Rule, he retained the esteem of the Nationalists to the end of his brief career. To this sentiment Mr. Healy gave forcible expression last week, in a speech in which he described Lord Randolph as a friend of Ireland. This refers, doubtless, to the fact that before his unexpected resignation of office soon after the formation of the Unionist Cabinet in 1886, Lord Randolph had indicated a desire for the prompt concession to Ireland of a form of local government considerably more extensive than that which Mr. Balfour proposed six years later.

The Sultan has definitely refused permission to a special correspondent of the *Times* to make an independent inquiry into the condition of Armenia. This is not a wise proceeding on the part of the Caliph, and it may be attributed either to the vexation of an Oriental monarch already much harassed by foreign interference, or to an uneasy suspicion that an independent inquiry would show that the stories about the atrocities are substantially accurate. Either way, the Sultan does himself no good by these frantic efforts to stifle investigation. The Commission of Inquiry, to which he reluctantly consented, has not left Constantinople, and there is a diminishing prospect that it will ever undertake any practical work.

The long contest for the Parliamentary seat in the Evesham Division of Worcestershire, vacated by the death of Sir E. Lechmere, ended, on Jan. 22, in the return of Lieutenant-Colonel Long, the Conservative candidate, who polled 4760 votes against 3585 cast for Mr. Frederic Imprey. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Wigram Long, M.P., is the second son of the late Ven. Charles M. Long, Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire. He was born in October 1842, and married Constance Mary,

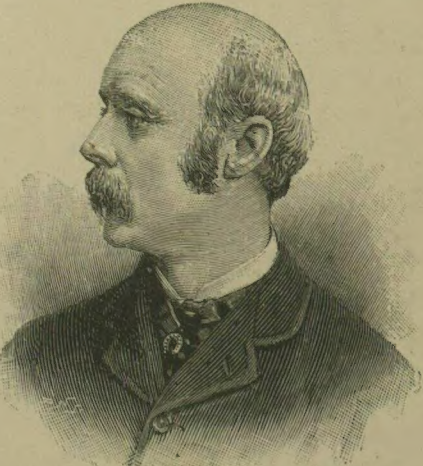


Photo by Watery.  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHARLES WIGRAM LONG,  
The New M.P. for Evesham.

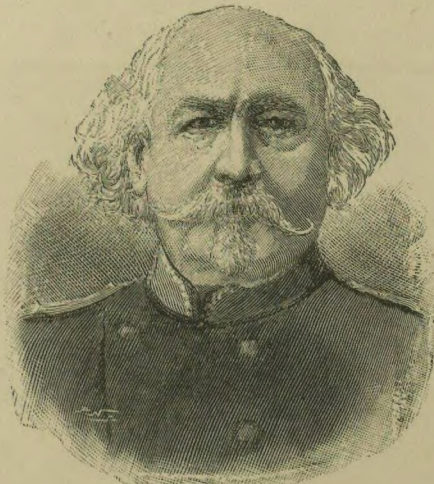
seventh daughter of the late Colonel Robert Vansittart, of the Coldstream Guards. He was formerly in the Royal Horse Artillery. This is his first entry into Parliament, and he is the fiftieth new member since the General Election. A magistrate for Worcestershire, he is well known in the district which he now represents.

After repeated failures a new French Ministry has been formed under the direction of M. Ribot. M. Ribot was not long ago Minister for Foreign Affairs, and he is accused of too strong a sympathy for England—a sentiment which certainly does not present itself to English observers in such an exaggerated form. The new Prime Minister has a great reputation for oratorical dexterity, and his personal probity is beyond question. In the present conditions of public life in France this is saying a great deal. The only reflection which is made on M. Ribot's character, or rather on his discretion, is that he advised a certain railway company to pay a considerable sum to a blackmailing editor who has since been prosecuted. This tale appears in the journal which informed its readers that a number of English sportsmen had set out for Madagascar for the purpose of shooting French soldiers as big game.

As some doubt has been thrown on the story of President Faure's early experiences in a tannery, a Paris paper has published a portrait of M. Faure in the costume of a tanner's apprentice, apron and all. This is said to have been taken from a photograph, permission to reproduce which had been refused by the President. "But," adds the journal, "we need scarcely assure our readers that the means we have employed to obtain this portrait are perfectly honourable." M. Faure has more reason to complain of his most recent portraits, some of which are far from flattering.

There is a delightful simplicity about Sir Frederick Milner. He takes it for granted that electioneering slanders are exclusively invented by the party to which he does not belong, and he wishes to add to the Corrupt Practices Act a clause making it a penal offence for a candidate or his agents to "endeavour to secure votes by means of base lies or gross slanders on the opposing candidate." The idea of a statutory prohibition of "base lies" in election contests is most elevating, but it is scarcely practicable. If a lie is serious enough to affect a candidate's character most injuriously, he has his remedy already in an action for libel. It would be absurd to have the time of the election judges taken up by a solemn inquiry into the comparative gravity of the legends which are always circulated by both sides when party feeling runs high. Sir Frederick Milner is altogether too sensitive for this rough world.

Death has conquered, at the age of eighty-six, the last of the eminent Marshals of the French Army, whose



THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL CANROBERT.

exploits served for a time to cast some glitter of military victory over the Empire of Napoleon III. Those distinguished officers, indeed, were mostly trained and formed in Algerian warfare, from 1835 to 1850, in the reign of Louis Philippe, called "the Napoleon of Peace." Canrobert served in 1832 as a sub-lieutenant, won speedy promotion, led a regiment of Zouaves with much gallantry against the Arabs and Kabyles upon several occasions, and became a General of Brigade. Returning to France, he assisted President Louis Napoleon in the *coup d'état* of Dec. 2, 1851, when many Parisians were shot down by the troops in the streets. The Crimean War, in 1854, raised him to the command of a division of the army before Sebastopol, and upon the retirement of Marshal St. Arnaud, he became Commander-in-Chief. Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, as the readers of Mr. Kinglake's history are aware, could not agree at all; indeed Lord Raglan could not rely upon the co-operation of the French commander, which was ever liable to secret change of plan at the Emperor's order. Hence it was that Canrobert was obliged, in May 1855, to resign his command, and was succeeded by Marshal Pelissier. In the Italian War of 1859 Canrobert did good service at Magenta and Solferino; and he held important military posts in the German War of 1870, serving under Marshal Bazaine in various actions near Metz. He was a member of the French Senate.

A Burns Concert means not very much, perhaps, save as an excuse for the performance of multitudinous Scottish songs, and for a general sort of gathering of the clans. The anniversary of the death of Burns was celebrated in the customary manner by a choir, under the direction of Mr. William Carter, at the Albert Hall. It would be otiose to detail the names of songs sung upon that solemn occasion, so familiar is their ring, so inevitable their titles. But as a general result, it is impossible to attend occasions of this nature without being generally persuaded that national song, particularly the national song of Scotland, may possibly, as in Wagner's theory, be the foundation of future great work, but that in itself it is tiresome and dowdy, because of its imperative and unavoidable monotony. But if all national song is somewhat touched by this monotony, that of Scotland is afflicted a thousandfold by it; and a whole concert of it may be, as was that of the Albert Hall, admirably performed, but it was essentially dreary.

The death of Mr. Edward Solomon, the composer, took place on Jan. 22 from typhoid fever. Mr. Solomon

was almost wholly self-taught. His first work was heard at the Globe Theatre on Nov. 27, 1876, and was entitled "A Will with a Vengeance"; then followed "Contempt of Court" at the Folly, "Balloonacy" at the Royalty, "Popsy Wopsy" at the Royalty, and "Billee Taylor" at the Imperial and "Claude Duval" at the Olympic. At the Gaiety, in April 1882, his "Lord Bateman" was produced; and at the Globe, in July, his "Vicar of Bray" saw the light. In the following year his "Virginia and Paul" was produced at the Gaiety; and October 1884 brought his "Polly" before the public at the Novelty. He composed "Pocahontas" for the opening of the Empire Theatre. During 1889 three more compositions were heard, "Pickwick" at the Comedy; "Penelope" at the Comedy; and "The Red Hussar" at the Lyric. This last was very successful. In 1890 he composed "Domestic Economy," "The Tiger," and "A Swarthy Dansong." For German Reed's Entertainment he wrote "Killiecrumpher," "The Nautch Girl," at the Savoy ran over two hundred times. In 1893 "Sandford and Merton" appeared at the Comedy. His work for last year merely consisted of the composition of a few songs for "King Kodak" at Terry's and "All My Eye-Vanhoe" at the Trafalgar. The public always found the composer tuneful and interesting, if not great.

The Popular Concert produced nothing strikingly new on Jan. 28 at St. James's Hall; but it at all events emphasised one fact well worth emphasising—the rapid development of Mr. Leonard Borwick into a pianist of great importance. Of course, for a very long time we, in common with everybody who had the slightest pretensions to good taste, were aware that Mr. Borwick was an extremely artistic and fine player. His latest achievements, however, show him to be something more than this. If Mr. Borwick will sedulously keep to the music which suits his refined and delicate temperament, and frankly, save for occasional necessity, pursue his own individual emotions, he will be fit to rank with the greatest among contemporary pianists. His interpretation of Grieg's Ballade in G minor was wonderfully interesting in its intense delicacy and sweetness.

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## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, with Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has been enjoying good health. On Friday, Jan. 18, Lord and Lady Sandhurst were visitors to the Queen, and Lord Sandhurst kissed her Majesty's hand on his appointment to be Governor of Bombay. The Queen holds a

The London County Council, at its weekly meeting on Tuesday, Jan. 29, agreed to introduce a Bill into Parliament to give it powers of inspection of the railway stations in London.

The Local Government Board has issued a circular to all boards of guardians upon several points of work-house administration, recommending "surprise visits" of

M. Leygues, Minister of the Interior; M. Poincaré, Minister of Public Instruction; M. Trarieux, Justice; M. Dupuy-Dutemps, Public Works; M. André Lebon, Commerce; M. Gadaud, Agriculture; and M. Chautemps, Colonies. General Zurlinden and Admiral Besnard are appointed to the War and Marine Departments. M. Ribot has twice before, so lately as January 1893, been called upon to form a Ministry.

The Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia on Jan. 29 received at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, numerous deputations from the provinces, towns, and various races of the empire. He acknowledged their loyalty, but said that he would maintain the principle of autocratic government as firmly as his father did, and that some of the "Zemstvos," or communal district assemblies, had been misled by absurd illusions upon that subject.

The birthday of the German Emperor William II., who is thirty-six years of age, was celebrated on Jan. 27 with a general order addressed by him to the army, reminding the soldiers that it was also the twenty-fourth anniversary of the victorious termination of the war between Germany and France, and commanding the memorial decoration of the military standards with oak-leaves.

The Japanese and Chinese military forces in Manchuria, the former commanded by General Nodzu, the latter by the Tartar Generals Chang and Shung, have continued manœuvring against each other to the north-west of Liao-yang for the possession of the road from Mukden to Pekin. The point of chief strategic interest is Hai-tcheng.

On the southern shore of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li the Japanese have completely invested Wei-hai-Wei, a naval port and arsenal of great importance, where the whole Chinese northern fleet is now shut up. The Japanese fleet attacked Wei-hai-Wei on Jan. 26, and a land attack was made from Ning-hai, but with no decisive result.

President Cleveland has sent to the United States Congress an urgent message upon the necessity of measures to relieve the Treasury from its embarrassments caused by the drain of gold for exportation, which last year amounted to the sum of 172 million dollars, while the Federal Government is obliged to pay its Treasury Notes and its bonds in gold—a situation that is dangerous to the national credit. In order to maintain a sufficient gold reserve, and to redeem the notes issued under the law of 1890 for the purchase of silver, he proposes the issue of bonds payable in gold, principal and interest, which are to be sold only for gold; also that the national banks should be restricted in their circulation of small notes, and that all duties on imports be paid in gold. The President confesses his reluctance to issue any more bonds under existing conditions without securing a reasonable supply of gold in the United States Treasury.

An insurrection has broken out in the South American Republic of Colombia, in the province of Cundinamarca; and Santa Fè de Bogotá, the capital, has been declared in a state of siege.

In Brazil also some riotous demonstrations have been attempted at Rio de Janeiro by the partisans of the deposed President, Marshal de Peixoto; but they were easily suppressed.

The campaign of General Sir William Lockhart against the hostile Waziri tribes in the mountain region beyond the north-west Punjab frontier, towards Afghanistan, seems to be almost concluded, with very little fighting. All the tribes, except the Shabikels of the Mullah



THE PERTH MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, DESTROYED BY FIRE ON JANUARY 23.

See "Our Illustrations."

Council at Osborne on Saturday, Feb. 2. She will return to Windsor until her journey to the Riviera. It is on March 15 that she is expected at the hotel taken for her accommodation at Cimiez, adjacent to Nice, where she intends to stay till April 23.

A marriage has been arranged between Prince Alfred, only son of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, thus one of the Queen's grandsons, and the Duchess Elsa, a daughter of the late Duke William of Würtemberg and of his wife, who was the Grand Duchess Vera of Russia.

The Prince of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of York, at Sandringham, have been awaiting the Princess of Wales on her return from St. Petersburg and Copenhagen. The Prince of Wales, however, came to London on Monday, Jan. 28, to attend the banquet at the Imperial Institute.

The Duke of Connaught, commanding the Aldershot Military Division, on Jan. 24 superintended a march of the troops—infantry, cavalry, artillery, and departmental corps—formed in three columns, from Aldershot Camp to Pirbright.

A Cabinet Council was held on Friday, Jan. 25, at the Prime Minister's official residence, and another on Tuesday, Jan. 29.

Political meetings and speeches have been depressed in tone by the death of Lord Randolph Churchill, on Thursday, Jan. 24, which naturally abated expressions of party spirit. Sir William Harcourt's speech at Derby on the day before, a meeting of Liberals in St. Pancras, London, addressed by Lord Carrington, and the Duke of Devonshire's address on Jan. 24 to a Unionist meeting at St. Helens, Lancashire, were in that week the only incidents claiming our notice.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, on Jan. 29, at a Unionist meeting at Calne, Wiltshire, said that the betrayal of 1886, on the Irish Home Rule question, had led him, without changing his Liberal opinions, to act with the Conservative party. The Government, depending on cliques and groups, had sought to distract attention from that issue by an attack, made with unpardonable levity, on the House of Lords, but there was never more need for the second legislative Chamber.

The new first-class battle-ship H.M.S. *Majestic*, built at Portsmouth, was floated out of dock on Thursday, Jan. 31; the christening ceremony was performed by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Earl Spencer and the other Lords of the Admiralty were present.

The 3rd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, under command of Colonel Fetherstonehaugh, was inspected by the Queen on Jan. 24 in the grounds at Osborne.

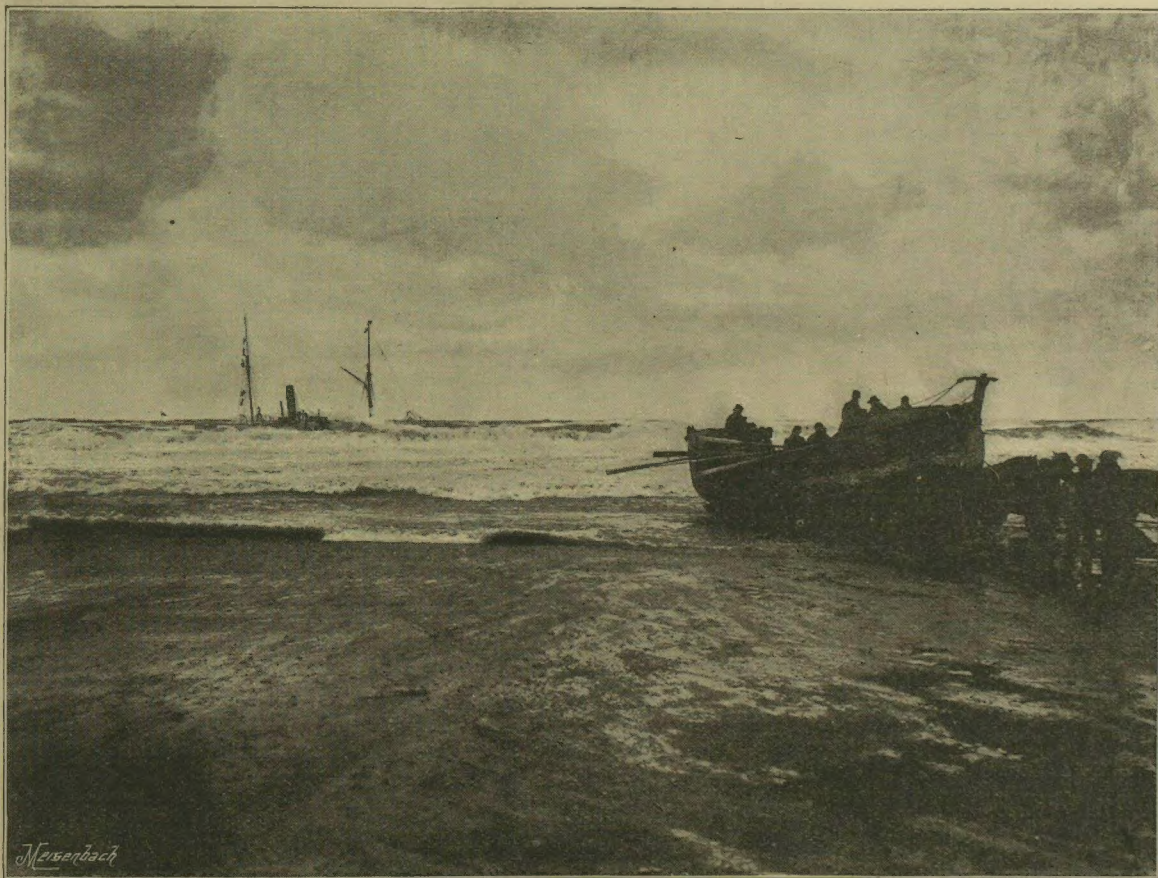
At the Imperial Institute on Monday evening, Jan. 28, the Prince of Wales presided over a meeting to hear a farewell address by Dr. Jameson, C.B., Administrator of the British South Africa Company's territories in Mashonaland and Matabililand. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, managing director of the company, sat on the other side of the Prince of Wales. Dr. Jameson, who is about to return to South Africa, described in an interesting speech the recent progress of "Rhodesia" under British management, the now peaceable disposition of the natives, the mineral, pastoral, and agricultural resources of the country, the railway lines being rapidly extended, and the projects of commercial union with the Cape Colony and Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal.

inspection, ladies' visiting committees, improved nursing and care of imbeciles and children.

The London School Board, presided over by its new Chairman, Lord George Hamilton, held on Jan. 24 its first meeting after the Christmas holidays. The annual meeting of School Managers was held on Tuesday, Jan. 29.

The Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia* has been sent to the Mediterranean, and will be joined, about Feb. 23, by his Royal Highness at Cannes, for the yacht races and a short cruise at sea.

The Postmaster-General, Mr. Arnold Morley, on Jan. 24 received a deputation from municipal corporations, asking Government to fix maximum charges for the use of telephones, and to limit the profits or dividends of the telephone companies. He replied that their licenses had yet seven or eight years to run, which could not be interfered



WRECK OF THE "ESCURIAL" AT FORTREATH, AND LOSS OF TEN MEN, ON JANUARY 25.

See "Our Illustrations."

with, and that Government was not prepared to consider the question of a compulsory acquisition of the telephone system.

The political crisis in France has resulted, since the failure of M. Bourgeois, in the formation of a Ministry by M. Ribot, who is Premier and Finance Minister, with these colleagues: M. Hanotaux, Minister of Foreign Affairs;

Powindah, have submitted, and the work of surveying the boundary is recommenced.

The Conference of Prime Ministers of all the Australian Colonies, upon the question of forming an Australian Federation, was opened on Jan. 29 at Hobart Tasmania. A Postal Conference at Melbourne is discussing the scheme of uniform penny postage between England and Australia.





SISTERS.—DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS.





# EVE'S RANSOM

BY

GEORGE GISSING



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

## IX.

There came an afternoon early in July when Hilliard, tired with a long ramble in search of old City churches—his architectural interests never failed—sought rest and coolness in a Fleet Street tavern of time-honoured name. It was long since he had yielded to any extravagance; to-day his palate demanded wine, and with wine he solaced it. When he went forth again into the roaring highway things glowed before him in a mellow light: the sounds of Fleet Street made music to his ears; he looked with joyous benignity into the faces of men and women, and nowhere discovered a countenance inharmonious with his gallant mood.

No longer weary, he strolled westward, content with the satisfactions of each passing moment. "This," he said to himself, "is the joy of life. Past and future are alike powerless over me; I live in the glorious sunlight of this summer day, under the benediction of a great-hearted wine. Noble wine! Friend of the friendless, companion of the solitary, lifter-up of hearts that are oppressed, inspirer of brave thoughts in them that fail beneath the burden of being. Thanks to thee, O priceless wine!"

A bookseller's window arrested him. There, open to the gaze of every pedestrian, stood a volume of which the sight made him thrill with rapture; a finely illustrated folio, a treatise on the Cathedrals of France. Five guineas was the price it bore. A moment's lingering, restrained by some ignoble spirit of thrift which the wine had not utterly overcome, and he entered the shop. He purchased the volume. It would have pleased him to carry it away, but in mere good-nature he allowed the shopman's suggestion to prevail, and gave his address that the great tome might be sent to him.

How cheap it was—five guineas for so much instant delight and such boundless joy of anticipation!

On one of the benches in Trafalgar Square he sat for a long time watching the fountains, and ever and anon letting them lead his eyes upwards to the great snowy clouds that gleamed upon the profound blue. Some ragged children were at play near him; he searched his pocket, collected coppers and small silver, and with a friendly cry of "Holloa, you ragamuffins!" scattered amazement and delight.

St. Martin's Church told him that the hour was turned of six. Then a purpose that had hung vaguely in his mind like a golden mist took form and substance. He set off to walk northward, came out into Holborn, and loitered in the neighbourhood of a certain place of business, which of late he had many times observed. It was not long that he had to wait. Presently there came forth someone whom he knew, and with quick steps he gained her side. Eve Madeley perceived him without surprise.

"Yes," he said, "I am here again. If it's disagreeable to you, tell me, and I will go my own way at once."

"I have no wish to send you away," she answered, with a smile of self-possession. "But all the same, I think it would be wiser if you did go."

"Ah, then, if you leave me to judge for myself—I! You look tired this evening. I have something to say to you; let us turn for a moment up this byway."

"No, let us walk straight on."

"I beg of you!—Now you are kind. I am going to dine at a restaurant. Usually, I eat my dinner at home—a bad dinner and a cheerless room. On such an evening as this I can't go back and appease hunger in that animal way. But when I sit down in the restaurant I shall be alone. It's miserable to see the groups of people enjoying themselves all round, and to sit lonely. I can't tell you how long it is since I had a meal in company. Will you come and dine with me?"

"I can't do that."

"Where's the impossibility?"

"I shouldn't like to do it."

"But would it be so very disagreeable to sit and talk? Or, I won't ask you to talk; only to let me talk to you. Give me an hour or two of your time—that's what I ask. It means so much to me, and to you, what does it matter?"

Eve walked on in silence; his entreaties kept pace with her. At length she stopped.

"It's all the same to me—if you wish it——"

"Thank you a thousand times!"

They walked back into Holborn, and Hilliard, talking merely of trifles, led the way to a great hall, where some scores of people were already dining. He selected a nook which gave assurance of privacy, sketched to the waiter a modest but carefully chosen repast, and from his seat on the opposite side of the table laughed silently at Eve as she leaned back on the plush cushions. In no way disconcerted by the show of luxury about her, Eve seemed to be reflecting, not without enjoyment.

"You would rather be here than going home in the Camden Town 'bus?"

"Of course."

"That's what I like in you. You have courage to

tell the truth. When you said that you couldn't come, it was what you really thought. Now that you have learnt your mistake, you confess it."

"I couldn't have done it if I hadn't made up my mind that it was all the same, whether I came or refused."

"All the same to you. Yes; I'm quite willing that you should think it so. It puts me at my ease. I have nothing to reproach myself with. Ah, but how good it is to sit here and talk!"

"Don't you know anyone else who would come with you? Haven't you made any friends?"

"Not one. You and Miss Ringrose are the only persons I know in London."

"I can't understand why you live in that way."



Some ragged children were at play near him; he searched his pocket, collected coppers and small silver, and with a friendly cry of "Holloa, you ragamuffins!" scattered amazement and delight.



"How should I make friends--among men? Why, it's harder than making money--which I have never done yet, and never shall, I'm afraid."

Eve averted her eyes, and again seemed to meditate. "I'll tell you," pursued the young man, "how the money came to me that I am living on now. It'll fill up the few moments while we are waiting."

He made of it an entertaining narrative, which he concluded just as the soup was laid before them. Eve listened with frank curiosity, with an amused smile. Then came a lull in the conversation. Hilliard began his dinner with appetite and gusto; the girl, after a few sips, neglected her soup and glanced about the neighbouring tables.

"In my position," said Hilliard at length, "what would you have done?"

"It's a difficult thing to put myself in your position."

"Is it, really? Why, then, I will tell you something more of myself. You say that Mrs. Brewer gave me an excellent character?"

"I certainly shouldn't have known you from her description."

Hilliard laughed.

"I seem to you so disreputable?"

"Not exactly that," replied Eve thoughtfully. "But you seem altogether a different person from what you seemed to her."

"Yes, I can understand that. And it gives me an opportunity for saying that you, Miss Madeley, are as different as possible from the idea I formed of you when I heard Mrs. Brewer's description."

"She described me? I should so like to hear what she said."

The changing of plates imposed a brief silence. Hilliard drank a glass of wine and saw that Eve just touched hers with her lips.

"You shall hear that—but not now. I want to enable you to judge me, and if I let you know the facts while dinner goes on it won't be so tiresome as if I began solemnly to tell you my life, as people do in novels."

He erred, if anything, on the side of brevity, but in the succeeding quarter of an hour Eve was able to gather from his careless talk, which sedulously avoided the pathetic note, a fair notion of what his existence had been from boyhood upward. It supplemented the account of himself she had received from him when they met for the first time. As he proceeded she grew more attentive, and occasionally allowed her eyes to encounter his.

"There's only one other person who has heard all this from me," he said at length. "That's a friend of mine at Birmingham—a man called Narramore. When I got Dengate's money I went to Narramore, and I told him what use I was going to make of it."

"That's what you haven't told me," remarked the listener.

"I will, now that you can understand me. I resolved to go right away from all the sights and sounds that I hated, and to live a man's life, for just as long as the money would last."

"What do you mean by a man's life?"

"Why, a life of enjoyment, instead of a life not worthy to be called life at all. This is part of it, this evening. I have had enjoyable hours since I left Dudley, but never yet one like this. And because I owe it to you, I shall remember you with gratitude as long as I remember anything at all."

"That's a mistake," said Eve. "You owe the enjoyment, whatever it is, to your money, not to me."

"You prefer to look at it in that way. Be it so. I had a delightful month in Paris, but I was driven back to England by loneliness. Now, if you had been there! If I could have seen you each evening for an hour or two, had dinner with you at the restaurant, talked with you about what I had seen in the day—but that would have been perfection, and I have never hoped for more than moderate, average pleasure—such as ordinary well-to-do men take as their right."

"What did you do in Paris?"

"Saw things I have longed to see any time the last fifteen years or so. Learned to talk a little French. Got to feel a better educated man than I was before."

"Didn't Dudley seem a long way off when you were there?" asked Eve half absently.

"In another planet.—You thought once of going to Paris; Miss Ringrose told me."

Eve knitted her brows, and made no answer.

# X.

When fruit had been set before them—and as he was peeling a banana:

"What a vast difference," said Hilliard, "between the life of people who dine, and of those who don't! It isn't the mere pleasure of eating, the quality of the food—though that must have a great influence on mind and character. But to sit for an hour or two each evening in quiet, orderly enjoyment, with graceful things about one, talking of whatever is pleasant—how it civilises! Until three months ago I never dined in my life, and I know well what a change it has made in me."

"I never dined till this evening," said Eve.

"Never? This is the first time you have been at a restaurant?"

"For dinner—yes."

Hilliard heard the avowal with surprise and delight. After all, there could not have been much intimacy between her and the man she met at the Exhibition.

"When I go back to slavery," he continued, "I shall bear it more philosophically. It was making me a brute, but I think there'll be no more danger of that. The memory of civilisation will abide with me. I shall remind myself that I was once a free man, and that will support me."

Eve regarded him with curiosity.

"Is there no choice?" she asked. "While you have money, couldn't you find some better way of earning a living?"

"I have given it a thought now and then, but it's very doubtful. There's only one thing at which I might have done well, and that's architecture. From studying it just for my own pleasure, I believe I know more about architecture than most men who are not in the profession; but it would take a long time before I could earn money by it. I could prepare myself to be an architectural draughtsman, no doubt, and might do as well that way as drawing machinery. But—"

"Then why don't you go to work? It would save you from living in hideous places."

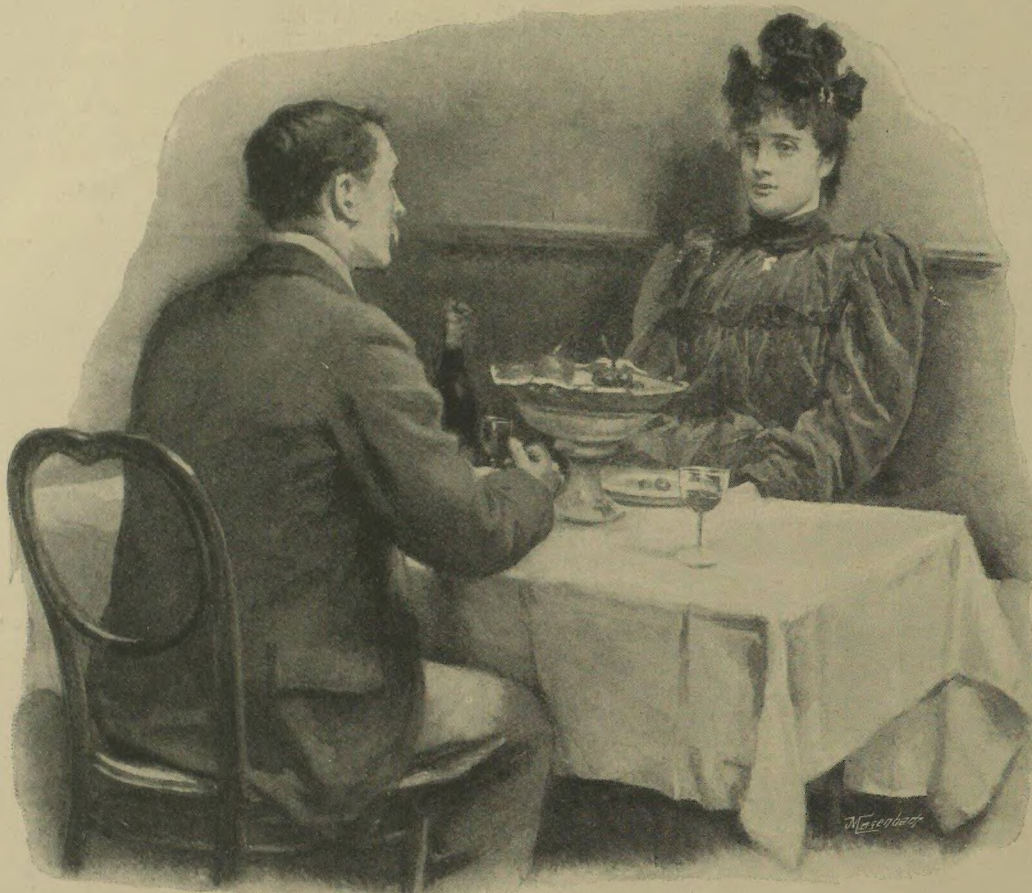
"After all, does it matter much? If I had anything else to gain. Suppose I had any hope of marriage, for instance—"

He said it playfully. Eve turned her eyes away, but gave no other sign of self-consciousness.

"I have no such hope. I have seen too much of marriage in poverty."

"So have I," said his companion, with quiet emphasis.

"And when a man's absolutely sure that he will never have an income of more than a hundred and fifty pounds."



"Well, what do you aim at?" Hilliard asked disinterestedly.

"It's a crime if he asks a woman to share it," Eve added coldly.

"I agree with you. It's well to understand each other on that point.—Talking of architecture, I bought a grand book this afternoon."

He described the purchase, and mentioned what it cost.

"But at that rate," said Eve, "your days of slavery will come again very soon."

"Oh! it's so rarely that I spend a large sum. On most days I satisfy myself with the feeling of freedom, and live as poorly as ever I did. Still, don't suppose that I am bent on making my money last a very long time. I can imagine myself spending it all in a week or two, and feeling I had its worth. The only question is, how can I get most enjoyment? The very best of a lifetime may come within a single day. Indeed, I believe it very often does."

"I doubt that—at least, I know that it couldn't be so with me."

"Well, what do you aim at?" Hilliard asked disinterestedly.

"Safety," was the prompt reply.

"Safety? From what?"

"From years of struggle to keep myself alive, and a miserable old age."

"Then you might have said—a safety-match."

The jest, and its unexpectedness, struck sudden laughter from Eve. Hilliard joined in her mirth.

After that she suggested, "Hadn't we better go?"

"Yes. Let us walk quietly on. The streets are pleasant after sunset."

On rising, after he had paid the bill, Hilliard chanced to see himself in a mirror. He had flushed cheeks, and his hair was somewhat disorderly. In contrast with Eve's colourless composure, his appearance was decidedly bacchanalian; but the thought merely amused him.

They crossed Holborn, and took their way up Southampton Row, neither speaking until they were within sight of Russell Square.

"I like this part of London," said Hilliard at length, pointing before him. "I often walk about the squares

late at night. It's quiet, and the trees make the air taste fresh."

"I did the same, sometimes, when I lived in Gower Place."

"Doesn't it strike you that we are rather like each other in some things?"

"Oh, yes!" Eve replied frankly. "I have noticed that."

"You have? Even in the lives we have led there's a sort of resemblance, isn't there?"

"Yes, I see now that there is."

In Russell Square they turned from the pavement, and walked along the edge of the enclosure.

"I wish Patty had been with us," said Eve all at once. "She would have enjoyed it so thoroughly."

"To be sure she would. Well, we can dine again, and have Patty with us. But, after all, dining in London can't be quite what it is in Paris. I wish you hadn't gone back to work again. Do you know what I should have proposed?"

She glanced inquiringly at him.

"Why shouldn't we all have gone to Paris for a holiday? You and Patty could have lived together, and I should have seen you every day."

Eve laughed.

"Why not? Patty and I have both so much more money than we know what to do with," she answered.

"Money? Oh, what of that! I have money."

She laughed again.

Hilliard was startled.

"You are talking rather wildly. Leaving myself out of the question, what would Mr. Dally say to such a proposal?"

"Who's Mr. Dally?"

"Don't you know? Hasn't Patty told you that she is engaged?"

"Ah! No; she hasn't spoken of it. But I think I must have seen him at the music-shop one day. Is she likely to marry him?"

"It isn't the wisest thing she could do, but that may be the end of it. He's in an auctioneer's office, and may have a pretty good income some day."

A long silence followed. They passed out of Russell into Woburn Square. Night was now darkening the latest tints of the sky, and the lamps shone golden against dusty green. At one of the houses in the narrow square festivities were toward; carriages drew up before the entrance, from which a red carpet was laid down across the pavement; within sounded music.

"Does this kind of thing excite any ambition in you?" Hilliard asked, coming to a pause a few yards away from the carriage which was discharging its occupants.

"Yes, I suppose it does. At all events, it makes me feel discontented."

"I have settled all that with myself. I am content to look on as if it were a play. Those people have an idea of life quite different from mine. I shouldn't enjoy myself among them. You, perhaps, would."

"I might," Eve replied absently. And she turned away to the other side of the square.

"By-the-bye, you have a friend in Paris. Do you ever hear from her?"

"She wrote once or twice after she went back; but it has come to an end."

"Still, you might find her again, if you were there."

Eve delayed her reply a little, then spoke impatiently.

"What is the use of setting my thoughts upon such things? Day after day I try to forget what I most wish for. Talk about yourself, and I will listen with pleasure; but never talk about me."

"It's very hard to lay that rule upon me. I want to hear you speak of yourself. As yet, I hardly know you, and I never shall unless you—"

"Why should you know me?" she interrupted, in a voice of irritation.

"Only because I wish it more than anything else. I have wished it from the day when I first saw your portrait."

"Oh! that wretched portrait! I should be sorry if I thought it was at all like me."

"It is both like and unlike," said Hilliard. "What I see of it in your face is the part of you that most pleases me."

"And that isn't my real self at all."

"Perhaps not. And yet, perhaps, you are mistaken. That is what I want to learn. From the portrait, I formed an idea of you. When I met you, it seemed to me that I was hopelessly astray; yet now I don't feel sure of it."

"You would like to know what has changed me from the kind of girl I was at Dudley?"

"Are you changed?"

"In some ways, no doubt. You, at all events, seem to think so."

"I can wait. You will tell me all about it some day."

"You mustn't take that for granted. We have made friends in a sort of way, just because we happened to come from the same place, and know the same people. But—"

He waited.

"Well, I was going to say that there's no use in our thinking much about each other."

"I don't ask you to think of me. But I shall think a great deal about you for long enough to come."

"That's what I want to prevent."

"Why?"

"Because, in the end, it might be troublesome to me."

Hilliard kept silence awhile, then laughed. When he spoke again, it was of things indifferent.

(To be continued.)



## THE STAGE AND ARISTOTLE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Aristotle is practically the earliest dramatic critic. Plato, indeed, touched on theatrical matters, but he did not care much for the play—at least, when his thinking cap was on. Aristotle's treatise "The Poetics" is a serious attempt to tackle problems which are still being discussed by Mr. Archer, M. Jules Lemaitre, and many other ingenious writers. If any of them have so far forgotten their Greek as to like the aid of a translation, they should be grateful to the Greek Professor in Edinburgh, Mr. Henry Butcher, whose text, translation, and essays on "The Poetic Theory of Aristotle" are now published by Messrs. Macmillan. As a too common rule, Scotch professors, when they do write, write about anything except the subject of their chair. Poetry, fiction, golf,

classical scholar. Where Aristotle says "Tragedy tries to confine itself within a day," Cornelle translates, "Tragedy ought to confine itself within a day," and then they all squabble as to what "a day" is. Acting on their own imaginary laws, they were obliged to squeeze an impossible amount of action into a day: impossible, unless they could make the sun stand still, like Joshua.

The question, "What kind of man should the hero of a tragedy be?" leads us to such modern problems as poetic justice, "realism," and "happy endings" in fiction. Aristotle needs for hero a man in high place (for the sake of impressiveness, and by virtue of tradition) fallen into distresses (to suggest a sympathetic "fear"), and not too good (for his ruin were shocking), nor bad (for then we do not pity), but more or less the victim of some error or weakness which is human. *Œdipous* and *Othello* answer the requirements very well. Aristotle does not like a



DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW PART OF SANDOWN PIER DURING A GALE.

Border legends, Robbie Burns, occupy their literary leisure. Mr. Butcher has chosen a Greek theme, which is also a theme of the most general interest. He has judiciously provided a text of the rather maimed Greek. He has furnished a translation which does not read like a translation, but is absolutely accurate. He has illustrated the topics by a complete knowledge of the whole Aristotelian system, and by a mastery of Continental and British literary criticism, from Sir Philip Sidney to Goethe, Lessing, Coleridge, and the latest German Aristotelians. Meanwhile, his own opinions are judicious, sober, and expressed in excellent taste, without flippancy, false rhetoric, or somnolent prosiness.

Let us, then, turn to some dramatic problems which Aristotle met, but did not lay. We must remember that, just as Catherine of Russia once saw a shadowy figure of herself on her imperial throne, so the critical throne of Aristotle was long filled by a mere shadow. The English, even Sir Philip Sidney, still more the French, as Cornelle, Boileau, Dacier, all bowed down before a spectral Aristotle, whom they had raised out of Latin translations, Roman plays, and a defective scholarship in Greek. Two or three centuries babbled of the Law of the Three Unities—Time, Place, and Action—laws imposed by Aristotle, they declared, on all generations. For breaking these rules (and other offences) Shakspeare was called a drunken savage by Voltaire. That illustrious amateur, Frederick the Great, averred that Shakspeare's dramas "are farces worthy of the savages of Canada." They offend against all the rules of the stage. And "these rules are not arbitrary: you will find them in the 'Poetics' of Aristotle, where Unity of Time, Unity of Place, and Unity of Interest are prescribed as the only means of making tragedy interesting." As Mr. Butcher observes, Frederick had not read the "Poetics" of Aristotle. Mr. Carlyle often applauds the great king for strictly "minding his own business," which was the annexing of other people's property. Herein Fritz excelled; but writing literary criticism was not his business, and he found, in an Aristotle whom he had not read, rules which are not in Aristotle. "The only dramatic Unity enjoined by Aristotle is Unity of Action," which you get from Shakspeare. The "Unity of Time," or "of the day," is not a rule or law of the game. Aristotle says "Tragedy endeavours" (as distinguished from epic narrative) "to confine itself to a single revolution of the sun," whether that means twelve or twenty-four hours. This, as Mr. Butcher says, is not a rule, but "a rough generalisation as to the practice of the Greek Stage," and that practice is not law for all stages. Of course, the Greek tragedians did not cling to the practice absolutely. Several days pass in the "Agamemnon," and months, or years, in the "Eumenides." Sophocles and Euripides both break the "rule"—which does not exist. Unity of Place is not even hinted at in the "Poetics." So much for Frederick the Great as a dramatic critic and

"happy ending," but admits that "the weakness of the audience" often applauds such a conclusion, which really befits comedy, not tragedy. Mr. Butcher points out Dr. Johnson's "weakness": he could not read the scenes of Cordelia's death (having once read them) till he was obliged to do so, as an editor of Shakspeare. The death of Antigone is perhaps another case in point. The rejection of the perfectly blameless character would, perhaps, exclude Antigone. Cornelle pleaded for blameless martyrs as admissible—because he had written a play about a blameless martyr. Probably Jeanne d'Arc, by Aristotelian rule, is excluded; it would be well if Southey, Schiller, and Co. had obeyed Aristotle! As to poetic justice, Aristotle will not allow the villain to flourish like a green bay-tree, as, of course, the villain in real life not infrequently does. "He will be sorry when he's dead," says the poet, but if we "jump at the life to come," the villain is often highly successful, and respected in the parish. But this must not be in poetry, because (says Mr. Butcher) "in the drama our view of life needs to be harmonised, not confused." Applying this to modern fiction, we have an answer to the grubby realists, who always give the villain all the success in the world, while Mr. James Payn boils him, and Mr. Haggard pitches him into the crater of Popocatepetl. These strenuous performances "harmonise our view of the universe," which needs harmonising badly. Iago is tortured to death; the wicked stepmother is torn to pieces by wild horses, or made to dance in red-hot shoes. This tendency of the earliest fiction—that is, of fairy tales—shows what human nature likes, and what it will go on liking, and will have. We insist on our view of the universe being harmonised, though not necessarily with red-hot iron shoes. This need or impulse has produced a literary convention, poetic justice, and the convention of so many thousand years will outlast a modern and most inartistic fad about realism and literary photography. It is a great thing to have Aristotle, as well as Scott and Shakspeare, on our side; not that, in fact, Aristotle would boil his villain. In truth, he would rather, for reasons of his own, do without a villain altogether. Here he runs counter to Shakspeare.

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## THE RECENT GALE: ITS EFFECT ON SANDOWN PIER.

To our juvenile readers especially, any information about Sandown, one of the most favoured seaside resorts in the Isle of Wight, will be interesting. The pier, on which countless visitors have promenaded, has been lately undergoing extension, in order that steamers might call thereat during the summer season. All the building operations had been progressing well until Jan. 12. Then the heavy gale, which almost deserved the name of blizzard, undermined the supports of the pier, threw the heavy crane off the metals, and twisted the girders as though they were wire. Father Neptune once more vindicated his right to be monarch of all he surveys, and our Illustration bears witness to the wreckage. Much of the work must be done afresh if the delights of the pier are to be extended as the company desires. In other parts of the United Kingdom during the last two weeks much injury has been done to various buildings by the fury of the gales, while the loss of life at sea has been considerable.

The discussions with regard to the establishment of a new "Teaching University for London" have again been zealously revived. Lord Rosebery, on Tuesday, Jan. 22, received on behalf of Government two successive deputations with opposite views. The first, introduced by Professor Huxley, had for spokesmen Sir Julian Goldsmid and Sir George Young (University of London), Dr. Wace (King's College), Sir Henry Roscoe (Victoria University of Manchester), Dr. Allchin (Royal College of Physicians), Mr. Hulke, (Royal College of Surgeons), and Dr. F. Taylor (Medical Schools). They urged that a Statutory Commission should be empowered to frame the constitution of the new University, combining all the chief teaching and learning institutions that now exist in London, in accordance with the recommendations of the Gresham College Inquiry Commission. On the other side came a deputation of opponents of the Gresham Commission Scheme; the leading speakers, however, Mr. Bompas, Q.C., Mr. Fletcher Moulton, M.P., and Dr. Collins, taking views rather different from each other; for the first-named gentlemen wished to preserve the examining authority of the present University of London distinct from any teaching University that may be formed; while the last only demanded special conditions to maintain the present high standard of examinations. Lord Rosebery said that the opinions of the Government were in favour of appointing a Statutory Commission to frame the scheme for a Teaching University, but with some provision against lowering the standard of examinations. In the afternoon of the same day, at Burlington House, was held the adjourned extraordinary meeting of Convocation of the University of London, where the subject was further debated. It was announced that the authorities of King's College had withdrawn their opposition to the scheme of the Gresham Commission. A resolution moved by Professor Sylvanus Thompson, and seconded by Dr. Allchin, that there should be one University for London, not two, and that the existing University should be reconstructed so as to become a teaching as well as an examining University, was passed by 157 votes against 133; the minority, led by Mr. Bompas, and including Mr. F. Moulton and Dr. Andrew Thomson, voted for an amendment that the present University should retain its powers and privileges unimpaired. A committee of nine was then elected to co-operate with the Royal Commission which Government will appoint.



The football shield of the 1st Battalion Lancashire Regiment is decidedly pleasing in device. The regimental badge in silver shines forth from a background of bronze, and the shield is handsomely mounted on an ebony frame. It is the handiwork of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"Those whom the gods love die young." Canning, Mirabeau and Gambetta, Aimée Desclée, Adrienne

having seen him but once or twice in the flesh, and I am free to confess that no measure of his will remain stamped on my mind. Lord Randolph was Secretary of State for India under Lord Salisbury, in 1885, when he, Lord Randolph, was thirty-six years old. Did he do aught

for India? Did he do a tithe of what did Lord George Canning, the son of the man whom I named at the beginning of this article, and who, the son, also died young? We are told that, to prepare himself for that office, Lord Randolph took a journey to India. It reminds one of what Heine said of Felix Mendelssohn when he compared his religious music with that of Rossini. "Mendelssohn before he could write a mass had to turn Roman Catholic; Rossini, who had started life as a chorister boy, had sucked in the spirit of the thing with the mother's milk, and his uncle who educated him was a priest." Lord Randolph took a leaf from the book of the common or garden journalist who writes his article of to-day with the knowledge picked up yesterday. But though the system may be admirable in the case of the ordinary journalist, it does not quite commend itself in the case of a would-be statesman.

For "Lord Randolph's general ignorance was simply abysmal." The expression is not mine; it is that of an intimate acquaintance of his of many years' standing, a man qualified to give an opinion, for he was until very recently the editor of one of the foremost reviews in England. I myself overheard an instance of that ignorance on the day of Ledru-Rollin's funeral, at what time Lord Randolph was in Paris, in company with a real and well-informed statesman, whose name I omit, though I am prepared to give it if necessary. The two Englishmen were seated at the Café de la Paix, and I was seated behind them. They were evidently waiting for someone, and at last the "someone" hove in sight. He turned out to be Gambetta, who came up in his bustling way. "I am sorry to be late," he said, addressing himself to the elder of the two, "but I was obliged to attend the funeral of Ledru-Rollin. I will be with you again in a minute." With which he disappeared in the café. "Who was Ledru-Rollin?" asked the younger of the two Englishmen. The elder explained. Of course, Lord Randolph was very young then, but a man who aspires to play a rôle in European politics ought not, however young, to be ignorant of the name of Ledru-Rollin, at any rate, not a man who has had a University education. "Don't you know that the Duke of Wellington is dead?" said a



THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: ENTERING NIUCHUANG DOCK, NOVEMBER 5.

Lecouvreur and Rachel, Raphael and Rembrandt, Musset and Byron, Alexander of Battenberg, Rudolph of Hapsburg, Frederick of Hohenzollern, and Ferdinand of Orleans (the eldest son of Louis Philippe) all died before they had given the *whole* measure of their supposed talents. At any rate, that is the popular belief with regard to them, and it were well, perhaps, not to disturb it, just as it would be wise to adopt the same principle with respect to Lord Randolph Churchill.

Personally, however, I am not inclined to adopt that course. I have carefully read a good many biographical notices of the deceased nobleman, and failed to find a single act which will go to his credit account in the political history of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. When he became the special correspondent to a contemporary, and departed amidst a blaze of trumpets to Mashonaland, I spent as much as a whole shilling in the purchase of twelve numbers of that contemporary in order to get a taste of Lord Randolph's literary style and powers of observation. I considered that I had not got my money's worth, and did not expend another coin. Lord Randolph's gastronomic experiences in that semi-civilised country, or at any rate his descriptions of them, were not equal to Mr. Sala's gossip *à la* Brillat-Savarin, and Mr. Sala's gossip, clever as it is now and then, does not come up to that of Charles Monselet; so what was the good?

And yet for the last few days we have been told on all sides that had he lived Lord Randolph would have made his mark—nay, we are told that he had already made his mark. I am not competent, perhaps, to contradict the men who wrote those articles, and who, I take it, are better versed in English politics than I. I am only able to judge Lord Randolph from what I have read,



FAREWELL UNTIL SPRING! THE LAST STEAMERS LEAVING NIUCHUANG AS THE ICE IS COMING DOWN IN BIG FLOES.



CARTS WITH STORES LEAVING NIUCHUANG FOR MUKDEN.

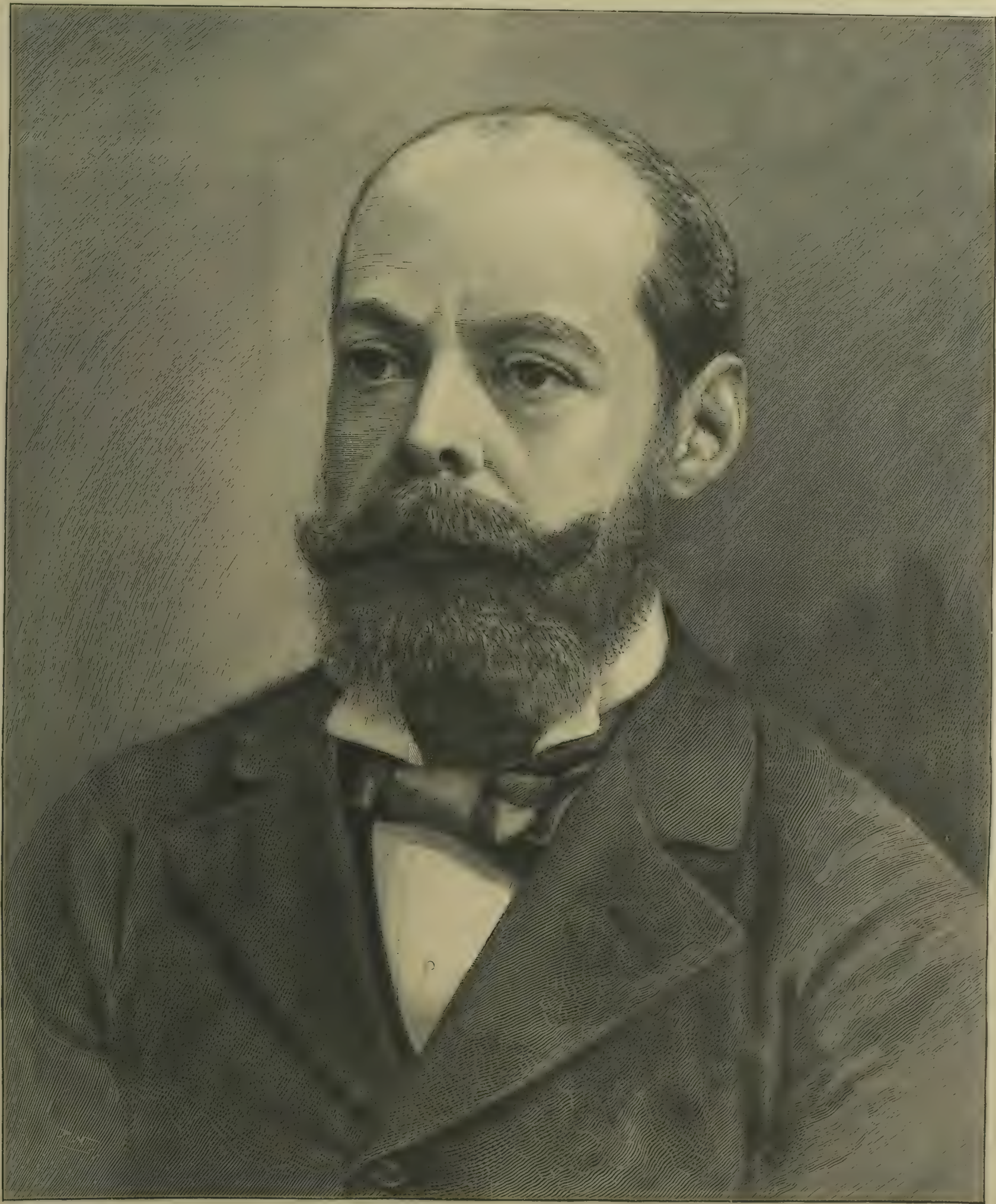
clergyman to an agricultural labourer, who sang as he delved on the day of the Iron Duke's demise. "I'm sorry for he, but who wur he?" was the question. Rollin was not as great a man as Wellington, but he played an important part in the revolutionary history of France during many years, and a scion of the Marlboroughs ought not to have driven the privilege of ignorance so far.

On the second occasion I saw Lord Randolph, I heard him speak. He was glib, there is no doubt of that, but I was forcibly reminded of the counsel Gladstone gave him on a memorable occasion—namely, to eschew facts and stick to rhetoric; and it was by rhetoric and rhetoric alone that he attained his quasi-eminence. Those whom I mentioned just now did more than that, albeit they died young. Had I to write Lord Randolph's epitaph, it would be contained in one line: "Here lies an effect without a cause."

## THE JAPANESE MARCH ON NIUCHUANG.

Following the fall of Port Arthur came a combined attack on Niuchuang by the First and Second Japanese armies. The place would be an advantageous basis of operations against Peking. By the middle of December the First Army was reported to be only fifteen miles from Niuchuang, impeded in their advance by the intense cold. On Dec. 19 it encountered and defeated 10,000 Chinese, under the command of General Sung, who retreated beyond Niuchuang. One of our illustrations shows the departure of carts for the interior. Sometimes these trains of carts are so long that a horseman may ride for twenty-four hours and not be able to pass through them, each mixed team of ponies, donkeys, mules, and cattle keeping their noses close up to the one ahead.





BORN FEB 13, 1849.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD RANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER CHURCHILL, P.C., M.P.

DIED JAN. 24, 1895.



## THE EX-PRESIDENT OF ARGENTINA.

Señor Luis Saenz Peña has resigned the Presidency of Argentina, and, we presume, under somewhat similar circumstances to those attending M. Casimir-Perier's resignation. The news received on Jan. 23 caused but little surprise. Although a distinguished lawyer, Dr. Saenz Peña was not widely known until shortly before his election. His name was brought before the public at a very exciting moment, when honesty appeared almost extinct in Argentina. His scrupulously honourable career as a judge, and finally President of the Supreme Court of Justice, first called attention to him. Dr. Saenz Peña was well aware of the difficulties connected with his task as the First Minister of the Republic, and therefore from the very beginning he took an independent position, and has seemingly maintained it. "I remember," writes a correspondent, "that when the result of the election was known, several persons acted against the President's wish by sending the usual presents; but they were all promptly returned to the donors." Since then he has continued to steer free from similar attentions. His religious faith and earnest desire to assist his country have upheld his hope of honest support from his fellow-countrymen. People who know the ex-President think that an obstacle to his success has been his evenly balanced mind. He has carefully avoided favouring party feeling, and, as a natural consequence, has been sure of no settled support. Hence his resignation. Dr. Luis Saenz Peña has a considerable private fortune, and is likely to retire to his country estate at Terrari, on the Great Southern Railway line. His wife has actively encouraged her husband, and in all probability prolonged his term of office. The ex-President was born in April 1822. He studied in the University of Buenos Ayres, and gave early promise of ability. He was called to the Bar in 1845, and in 1860 was nominated to serve on the committee appointed to revise the National Constitution. In 1870 he was elected a Senator for the Province of Buenos Ayres. Shortly afterwards he became a Deputy in the National Congress, and in 1874 was raised to the position of President of the Chamber of Representatives. In 1875 he was elected Vice-Governor of the Province of Buenos Ayres. Re-elected in 1880 as a National Deputy, he resigned his membership of the Chamber to accept a seat in the Supreme Court of Justice of the Province of Buenos Ayres, subsequently becoming President of the Court. He retired from public life until the close of 1890, when he was appointed President of the Supreme Court of Justice of the nation, which post he occupied with much honour and distinction until his candidature and election as President of the Argentine Republic. The successor of Señor Peña in this high office is Señor Uriburu, who was sworn in as President on Jan. 23. The new Minister of the Interior is Señor Zorilla; Señor Romero is Minister of Finance; Señor Bernago is Minister of Justice; and Dr. Alcosta is Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Cabinet is not considered a strong one as at present constituted, nor is it anticipated that it will survive very long.



SEÑOR SAENZ PEÑA, EX-PRESIDENT OF ARGENTINA.

*Photo by Adrian Lundström, New Broad Street.*

SEÑOR SAENZ PEÑA AND SOME MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY, TAKEN ON THE EX-PRESIDENT'S SEVENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

*Photo by Adrian Lundström, New Broad Street.*



"HÄNSEL AND GRETTEL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Hana, 443, Strand.



MISS JEANNE DOUSTE AS GRETTEL.

"I'll tell you a most delightful secret."



MISS MARIE ELBA AS HÄNSEL.

"Hurrah! My strawberry-basket is nearly brimful!"



GRETTEL: "And you are very greedy, too!"

HÄNSEL: "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"



"Off with you, out with you,  
Shame on you, goose!"





WINTRY WEATHER AT GRAVESEND.





OF all the members of the House of Marlborough, not one of the descendants of ambitious John Churchill experienced so fully "the joy of eventful living" as the brilliant young statesman who died on Jan. 24. Lord Randolph Henry Spencer Churchill

diatribe against Mr. Selater - Booth's County Government Bill. The unfortunate Minister was as astonished as the rest of the House to find himself the object of Lord Randolph's scorn. It was the commencement of his campaign against those whom he contemptuously called

"the old gang." The speech was a subject of much discussion in the Lobby, and occasioned great satisfaction to a few young members who were longing for a more spirited policy. After he had sent up this balloon on a trial trip, Lord Randolph relapsed into silence, but was diligent in watching for his opportunity, which came with the overturn of the Conservative Ministry at the General Election of 1880. Mr. Gladstone was returned with an overwhelming majority, and his opponents were inclined to shrink back into their tents.

It was the moment which made the man: Lord Randolph had come back to the House, after an exceedingly hard fight for the family seat of Woodstock, with no intention of "lying low." The Bradlaugh incident was the bugle-call which aroused the young war-horse, and created the "Fourth Party." Probably, if Mr. Peel had then been Speaker of the House of Commons, the prolonged discussions and heated debates, which cause no pride to any thinking Englishman nowadays, as to whether the junior member for Northampton should be permitted to take the oath, would never have been allowed. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Mr. J. E. Gorst, and Lord Randolph formed the "Triple Alliance" which dogged the footsteps of Mr. Bradlaugh and bewildered the whole front bench of Ministers. Years afterwards, when the battle had been won and Mr. Bradlaugh had gained the respect of the House as a

useful member of the Legislature, Lord Randolph made more than one overture towards the man whom he had said was an "avowed Atheist and a professedly disloyal person." An attempt to introduce himself to Mr. Bradlaugh was, however, courteously repulsed. It required even more than his generosity to forgive the epithets which were showered on him by the member for Woodstock during those heated debates. Lord Beaconsfield



HOUSE WHERE LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL DIED, 50, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

was the third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, and was born in Blenheim Palace on Feb. 13, 1849. His father represented the borough of Woodstock for a dozen years, and was Viceroy of Ireland in the troublous years 1876 to 1880. His mother was Lady Frances Anne Emily Vane, daughter of the third Marquis of Londonderry. She has left an enduring memory in Ireland by the fund which she instituted. The Dowager Duchess has throughout her son's career displayed more than mere maternal sympathy with his ideals, and the deepest sympathy must be extended towards her in this the hour of bereavement.

Lord Randolph was educated at Eton College, where he was the contemporary of Mr. Balfour and Lord Rosebery. Of his life at school Mr. Brinsley Richards has said that "not a boy in the school laughed so much or whose laughter was so contagious." Another trait, which developed in later days, was that "he would single out antagonists much older and bigger than himself." Leaving Eton, he proceeded to Merton College, Oxford, graduating B.A. in 1871, and M.A. later. His high spirits made him soon the centre of a circle of lively young men, and stories of his exploits are still told at Oxford. But he managed to obtain honours in the final school of modern history and jurisprudence, being placed in the second class with the present Minister of Education, Mr. Arthur Acland. In 1874 he became member for Woodstock, defeating Mr. George C. Brodrick, who is now the Warden of Merton, by 569 against 404 votes. He showed very little promise during his contest of becoming an apt speaker, but after his entry into Parliament he devoted himself to acquiring that sound knowledge of the forms of the House which afterwards served him in good stead. His first speech was not on an important topic, but it received from Sir William Harcourt a graceful compliment. The first occasion when the young member really attracted attention was in 1878, when he delivered a

and bewildered the whole front bench of Ministers. Years afterwards, when the battle had been won and Mr. Bradlaugh had gained the respect of the House as a



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL IN 1838.

paid his first visit to the House of Commons after elevation to the Peerage in order to see the "Fourth Party," and there is no doubt that he entertained the highest opinion of the talents of its leader. Lord Randolph thoroughly believed that "the duty of an Opposition was to oppose," and every act of the Liberal Government, at home or abroad, was subjected to the



Photo by Trant.

BLEMHEIM PALACE, WOODSTOCK, THE BIRTHPLACE OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.



unsparing criticism of himself, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, Mr. Gorst, and Mr. A. J. Balfour. The latter was only intermittent in his agreement with the "Fourth Party." The Egyptian War, the death of General Gordon, the difficulties attending the Franchise Bill, were all used as occasions to harass Ministers. Lord Randolph could never have been, like Lord Clive, "surprised at his moderation," for all his fervour was of white heat. Mr. Gladstone, who has never made the mistake of belittling his opponents, soon

Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. This was the period of his highest attainment, but it was also the time when his excitable temperament was most severely strained. He was an undoubted success as Leader of the House. He knew what he could and what he could not do with that strangely varied assembly, and his courtesy grew with his responsibility. In the Cabinet he was not, perhaps, so genial. He differed with an unwise contempt from the elderly members of the

having manifestly suffered from overstrain, it was not surprising when the public learnt that he had gone to South Africa in February 1891. One of the objects of this journey was frankly owned to be "in search of gold"; another was that Lord Randolph should act as special correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*. On his return from the Cape he certainly appeared to have gained better health. His face was bronzed, the well-known features being further altered by the growth of a beard. His letters to the *Daily Graphic* were not very remarkable except for a record of an encounter with lions, which was read with not a little amusement. Lord Randolph very modestly alluded to his journalistic work at a dinner of the Press Club in London mentioning that he could never forget the debt he owed to the late Mr. Chinnery when editor of the *Times*, in allowing him to fill columns of that newspaper in his early days. In July 1892 he was again returned as member for South Paddington, unopposed. The House of Commons once more saw his familiar figure on the front Opposition bench, but no longer was stirred by his strident tones, for his voice had lost its old ring, and his articulation made Lord Randolph very difficult to hear or report. He promised to contest Central Bradford against Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, and spoke at least once with something of his past fervour. Perhaps one of his most astonishing deliverances in the House was concerning the Parnell Commission, which he characterised with more force than elegance. On the subject of the Special Commission Lord Randolph held very strong views, which he incorporated in a Memorandum to the Government. Last session he spoke occasionally with a gleam of the old wit, but for the most part with dissatisfaction to himself as well as to those who admired him. Having decided, against medical advice, on a tour round the world, he collected a nondescript gathering of leading politicians to dine with him prior to his departure. Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. John Morley were among the guests, and though their host was light-hearted and almost buoyant, all felt that they were present at one of the last scenes in Lord Randolph's political career. So it proved to be. Accompanied by his wife (whom he had married in 1874) and Mr. Keith, his medical attendant, he visited America, Australia, Japan; but though the change of interest revived the invalid for a time, when he reached France, in December 1894, there were evident signs of the approaching end. He was hastily brought to London, and the news that Lord Randolph was dying cast a gloom over many hearts at the close of last year. Everything was done by medical skill, represented by the constant attentions of Dr. Robson, Dr. George Keith, and consultations by Sir J. Russell Reynolds, Dr. Buzzard, and Dr. Gowers, to alleviate the patient's sufferings. His relatives were able to converse with him at intervals in the darkened room at Grosvenor Square, and hundreds of callers testified to the widespread affection in which he was held. In the early morning hours of Thursday, Jan. 24, almost on the anniversary of William Pitt's death, Lord Randolph Churchill's life ebbed peace-



MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

recognised that the young member was no *quantité négligeable*, even though he gave way to extravagance of language. "The Moloch of Midlothian" buckled on his armour, and gave blow for blow, albeit he never erred in personal offensiveness. All this while Lord Randolph was being marked out as a "man of the future," and was rapturously greeted whenever he spoke to great audiences. His speeches were always lively, though good taste was often sadly lacking; some of them are capital reading, abounding in happy "hits" and really humorous passages. That, for instance, in which Lord Randolph speaks of "this age of advertisement," when even "the forest laments in order that Mr. Gladstone may perspire," and pours amusing ridicule on the ex-Premier, may not be literature, but at all events it succeeded in getting the speaker reported verbatim. When the Liberal Government fell in June 1885, and Lord Salisbury was called to form his first Administration, a place was justly given in the Cabinet to Lord Randolph, who became Secretary of State for India. His re-election for Woodstock, on taking office, was made the occasion of a contest which excited universal attention. Mr. Corrie Grant, an exceedingly able and fluent member of the Bar, was the Liberal candidate, and the battle was very fiercely fought. A whole regiment of journalists chronicled the phases of the fight from the headquarters in the little borough, which is outside the park-gates of beautiful Blenheim. Lord Randolph was elected, but by such a less majority that when Woodstock became the centre of an Oxfordshire division, he migrated to Birmingham for a constituency.

At the India Office he quickly impressed the officials with his interest in affairs and desire to master the intricate details of work. During his brief term as Secretary, lasting from June 1885 to January 1886, the chief fact to be chronicled is the annexation of Upper Burma. When the General Election came in November 1885 he determined audaciously to measure swords with John Bright, to whom he had a violent antipathy, and accordingly contested the Central Division of Birmingham against the "People's Tribune." To most people the result came as a surprise, showing how strong a personality Lord Randolph had to attract 4216 votes as opposed to 4989 votes cast for John Bright. This was on Nov. 24, and the following day South Paddington returned him as its member. The Liberal candidate in the latter election was Mr. Hilary Skinner, of the *Daily News*, who died a few months ago. After the Conservative Government had been defeated on the celebrated amendment relating to "three acres and a cow," Mr. Gladstone took office, and the Home Rule question came prominently to the front. Lord Randolph's health was not very good at this time, and he was beginning to divert his attention from politics to the turf. In the Home Rule debates he took some part, but was not very prominent. One of his phrases has a pathetic interest to-day. He spoke of Mr. Gladstone as "an old man in a hurry"; and it is strange to think of his veteran rival being well and hearty at the age of eighty-five, while Lord Randolph lies dead at forty-five. When Lord Salisbury came into power in July 1886, Lord Randolph was made

party, and there was an uncertainty about his views and opinions which made many people regard him with far less cordiality. He never produced the Budget over which he had been spending much fruitless toil, for just before Christmas Day 1886 he drove down to the editor of the *Times* and communicated to him exclusively the information that he had resigned. With a very brief interval, Mr. Goschen took the place vacated by Lord Randolph at the Treasury, and the less showy gifts of Mr. W. H. Smith supplied his "lack of service" as Leader of the House. He went on the Continent for a while, and did not conceal his low opinion of many of his late colleagues. At Vienna, where he stayed incognito, absurd rumours were circulated as to the reason for his visit. He was greatly impressed with the Czar, whom he met in St. Petersburg, and the German Emperor also made his acquaintance about this time. William II. did not disguise his interest in Lord



ROOM OCCUPIED BY LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AT MERTON COLLEGE.

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

Randolph, and has throughout his illness shown kindly sympathy. On the death of Mr. Bright he desired very keenly to contest the seat again, but submitted to the decision of two or three friends, one of whom was Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. With this gentleman he always remained on good terms, a statement which cannot be made concerning many of his former friends.

In 1889 he spoke on a few occasions, once in a spirit of criticism with regard to Mr. Balfour's Irish policy. In the following year his Licensing Bill excited neither very much support nor opposition. Lord Randolph's health

fully away, the tranquil ending of stormy days. In the little churchyard of Bladon, near Blenheim, he was laid to rest on Monday, Jan. 28, under a pall of white snow, while Westminster Abbey was simultaneously the meeting-place of men of all creeds and politics to pay a last tribute to one who was "ever a fighter," and had fought his final battle, "the last, the best." In the Abbey there were present the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador—to name only a few—and a great concourse of the public,



# LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

## AN APPRECIATION.

Lord Randolph Churchill is dead, and one of the most brilliant, though not the most successful, political careers of the century has closed. It is natural to compare

his resignation of the Chancellorship and of the prospective—if not, indeed, the immediate—leadership of the Tory party as Prime Minister in Lord Salisbury's place, Lord Randolph executed some flashing diversions in politics, and was before the world as a traveller, an author, and a racing man. But his work was done. Henceforward he was content to take suit and service under his old friend and lieutenant, Mr. Balfour. His powers, too, failed him. He had lived too rapidly, and he paid the penalty. But let no one who knew Lord Randolph only in the Parliament of 1892 think that the real Randolph was there. Ill-health, nervous prostration, and finally paralysis, had done their work. Flashes of the old spirit were still visible; words of wisdom were not wanting even to the last speeches, wandering and at times incoherent as they seemed to be. But no one would have recognised the clear and penetrating intellect, the power of arranging great masses of material, the insight, the qualities of generalship, which distinguished the Lord Randolph of 1884 to 1886. His political talent came rapidly to birth; it began to fade almost as quickly. But at its best it represented gifts of oratory and statesmanship not often surpassed or equalled in our political history.

Lord Randolph's career divides itself into three stages. There was the Lord Randolph of the Fourth Party, Lord Randolph as Minister, and Lord Randolph as an outside force, steadily diminishing in intensity. It has been the fashion to sneer at the methods of the Fourth Party, but it is very doubtful whether any other kind of warfare was practicable. Lord Randolph, indeed, knew his ground. He came into Parliament as member for Woodstock at twenty-five, and between 1874 and 1880 did little or nothing. He was young, uneducated, a stormy boyish figure. It was when his party went into Opposition that his chance arrived.

Mr. Gladstone came into power with great prestige and with an overwhelming majority. How was that to be destroyed? Not by poor Lord Iddesleigh, gentlest of men, and with a mortal dread of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Randolph set about his task with great ability. He promptly gathered round him the three ablest men in the Tory party—Mr. Balfour, Sir John Gorst, and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff—assigned them their parts, made them "devil" for him, and worked himself as hard as any of them. It was guerrilla warfare, often violent in tone, sometimes not too scrupulous, but always clever and spirited. The Bradlaugh episode was managed throughout with extreme skill, and while it fearfully embarrassed the Government, it made Lord Randolph the practical leader of the Opposition. His position was confirmed over the Egyptian trouble, where he showed a certain generosity, as well as an ability for getting up facts and hammering away at a single question, which betokened the born political leader. Certainly, he seriously damaged Mr. Gladstone. I doubt, indeed, whether any other of the great man's opponents, not excluding Lord Beaconsfield, so often hit the joints of his armour, and so shook his position as Leader of the House and chief of a great party. In some of the later debates Lord Randolph surpassed all his rivals, and shone out as the most powerful fighting speaker in the House of Commons. In the end he won completely. His relations with the Irish party had much to do with the defeat of the Government in 1885, and when he took office in 1886 he was the real master of the destinies of Toryism.

His career as a Minister and a constructive statesman was—while it lasted—an unqualified success. Men at the Treasury and the India Office still speak with admiration of his independent mind, his quick grasp of affairs, his insight, and his powers of work. Inside his party he went on conquering and to conquer. He insisted on substituting

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach for Lord Iddesleigh in the leadership of the House of Commons. But his greatest triumph was his last. After the General Election of 1886 he could make his own terms. He outlined a policy of domestic reform in a masterly speech—to my mind, the most notable political utterance of the last ten years—at Dartford. On the platforms he was the darling of the Tory working men and of the rank and file among the Conservatives. He had shown great signs of administrative ability, and he was properly put at the head of the Treasury and made the Leader of the House. His tenure of that great position—he was only thirty-seven when he took it—was really faultless. He showed temper, tact, statesmanship, great power in reply, great self-restraint. Everybody began to think that a mighty man had arisen in Israel.



Photo by W. and A. Downey, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE SEVENTH DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH (FATHER OF LORD R. CHURCHILL).

Lord Randolph with Canning. Both came to power young. Lord Randolph was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons when he was thirty-seven years old. Canning was Foreign Minister at the same age. Canning did much to democratise Toryism on the lines laid down by Pitt. Lord Randolph carried to real and very practical issues the work of educating the modern Tory party which Lord Beaconsfield began. Both statesmen had sympathetic ideas on foreign policy. Canning supported Greece against Turkish brutalities; Lord Randolph championed Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian "National" leader. The rest of the comparison



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

WHEN LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

is, no doubt, in Canning's favour. He had greater staying power, a more distinct literary faculty than Lord Randolph, and his career was touched to larger and finer issues. A friend was once suggesting to Lord Randolph, after his retirement, that he ought to achieve this or that political end, join this or that combination. "My dear fellow," was the reply, "all this doesn't interest me now. I have been Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons." Fate willed that the career of this remarkable man should practically come to a close in 1886. Since



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL IN 1890.

Then came the sudden resignation following the demand for a reform of the Civil Service and a cutting-down and overhauling of expenditure, especially in the Army. Behind that strange development lay, it was whispered, a still more daring adventure—a proposal that Lord Randolph should supersede Lord Salisbury, and be, in name as well as in fact Prime Minister. It was said that the movement was on the point of success, that the majority of the Conservative members favoured it—as they well might—that the Queen had been won over in the course of the mysterious visit to Windsor, that Lord Hartington declined to stand in the way, but that at the last moment the situation was saved for the elder Toryism



Photo by Perret, Nice.

THE SEVENTH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH (MOTHER OF LORD RANDOLPH) AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY WIMBORNE.



by Mr. Goschen's intervention and promise to replace Lord Randolph at the Treasury. I could never test the story, but I believe it was not without foundation. In any way, Lord Randolph failed: the elder men in his party—the Smiths and Crosses on whom he had poured ridicule in private—were too many for him.

From that period Lord Randolph's sun was toward setting. He still showed considerable, now and then

Tory democracy, he hailed the Eight Hours' movement, and constantly supported it in the House. But the confidence of his party was shaken, his African experiences did not bring him popularity, and with ill-health his oratory began to fail in power. Premonitory symptoms of paralysis showed themselves. He lost the power of articulation, and his delivery, always rapid, fluent, energetic, became confused and indistinct. The old fire blazed up fitfully and then sank again. Last session all men noted with sorrow that the meteor-like career was over.

Lord Randolph's character was as attractive as his record. It lacked stability, simplicity, unity of aim. It made his life a succession of new sensations and startling adventures. Irritable, impulsive, nervous, restless—he was yet a man of high—perhaps the highest—political genius. When he entered politics he was a raw youth, who could not pronounce the name of a Christian Father correctly. He trained himself to be the equal in debate—nay, at moments the superior—of Mr. Glad-

stone himself. He largely made the Conservative movement of 1886, and it was his hand—the hand of a mere tyro—that pulled down the Gladstone Government of 1880. The ex-Premier always cherished a great respect for Lord Randolph's intellect, as, indeed, he well might. Lord Randolph rose too soon; he drank his cup of life too hastily, became weary, agog for new sensations: a splendid neuropath, with a mighty career behind him

and nothing apparently in front. A tragic situation to a man of his character, and one which soon wore out to its appointed end. To the last he was popular. He had great charm of manner, was a good talker, given to



THE TOWN HALL, WOODSTOCK,  
THE SCENE OF LORD RANDOLPH'S FIRST POLITICAL SPEECHES.

Photo by Taunt.

remarkable powers, as well as a feeling for what may be called the higher wisdom in politics, which many of his contemporaries lacked. Always sympathetic to Ireland, he disliked and repudiated the harsher side of coercion. He did everything in his power to prevent the Salisbury Government from associating itself with the Parnell Commission, and when the crash came, exposed the Pigott fiasco in a most merciless speech. True to his



THE MEMBER FOR WOODSTOCK, 1874.

reckless epigrams, a lord who was more of a democrat at heart than any of his contemporaries in high politics, an orator, a man with remarkable powers of action. So short a life, and yet so full; so great a beginning, so sad an end!

H. W. M.



Photo by Frank Dacey, San Francisco.

LATEST PORTRAIT OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.



Photo by Frank Dacey, San Francisco.

LATEST PORTRAIT OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.





GOING TO CHURCH: AN INCIDENT DURING THE FLOODS.



## LITERATURE.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

*Memoirs of the Right Honourable Sir John Macdonald, G.C.B., First Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada.* By Joseph Pope. Two vols., illustrated. (Ottawa: J. Durie and Sons.)—Of a private secretary writing the life of his chief cold impartiality is not to be expected. Hereof Mr. Pope, Sir John Macdonald's private secretary and biographer, frankly shows himself conscious. He is content to think that he has provided materials for future historians, who will form a dispassionate estimate. He can hardly imagine that his version of such incidents in the life of his hero as the Double Shuffle and the Canadian Pacific scandal will be finally accepted by history. He is right in saying that Sir John Macdonald was through life a steady adherent of British connection, but his proofs of Sir John's general consistency, otherwise than in the tenacious pursuit of power, will scarcely go unchallenged.

Sir John Macdonald was supposed to be in face very like Disraeli. Some who knew both men could see no resemblance at all between the Highlander and the Hebrew. The characters of the two men had hardly anything in common, unless it were freedom from certain moral conventionalities. Disraeli was highly imaginative. He was a maker of programmes and phrases. There was nothing of this in Sir John Macdonald. In fact, the political element in which he moved was one in which "Coningsby" would have been utterly lost. He was simply a party manager and Parliamentary tactician, first-rate in his kind. If he had any counterpart in British politics, it was Palmerston rather than Disraeli. He resembled Palmerston, too, as a speaker. He was not eloquent. He did not much prepare his speeches. He was unfinished; sometimes even ungrammatical and confused. But, like Palmerston, he was always ready, was always adroit, and always touched the right chord to win him votes. He took care, too, never to weary the House. His biographer aptly compares his speeches with those of another distinguished Canadian whom British audiences have now the privilege of hearing, and who "rarely spoke in Parliament without exhausting the whole subject he rose to discuss, and who, by reason of his desire to avail himself of everything that bore on his argument, frequently succeeding in producing weariness rather than conviction in minds less gifted than his own." Sir John was a political orator. He spoke for Parliamentary or popular votes; and with that object in view confined himself to leading points, leaving minor points out of sight. His rival's style, like his mind, was forensic, and he thrashed out the whole case, taking the small points as well as the great, as though he were pleading before a court of law.

Nobody ever studied the art of managing a Parliament more thoroughly or successfully than Sir John Macdonald. A good observer has said of him that he knew the House as other men knew their offices; held its every clue, big and little; and the moment a new Parliament loomed above the horizon, measured it, gauged it, and saw what he could make of it. At the beginning of the session he would take his list of members, tick off the doubtful men, and mark their names with red, which, if he made them his own, was changed to blue. We are not surprised that at the end of the session most of the marks were blue. If the records of the process by which this result was brought about, and the records generally of Sir John's private dealing with an extremely curious set of politicians, could be extracted from his private correspondence and laid before us, we should have some fun, and probably a considerable feast of scandal.

Sir John cannot be said to have been squeamish in his political associations any more than in his political tactics. The saying reported of him that the best Cabinet would be one consisting of thirteen men, each of whom, if you chose, you could put into the penitentiary, was, we may be sure, either unauthentic or not serious; yet it was rather well invented. He exercised personal as well as Parliamentary fascination; he could be all things to all men. At the refined and cultured end of the table he could be the man of refinement and culture, at the other end he could be what that other end preferred.

Sir John's early life had been passed in political warfare of the roughest kind, and sometimes he would forget himself and break out; but as a rule he was courteous in the House. He was placable, so far at least that he never allowed his resentments to stand in the way of his ambition. His life shows that he did not love Mr. George Brown. But Mr. Brown's organ pursued him, as it pursued everybody else who did not bow to its owner's will, with a malignity and brutality such as are hardly conceivable in these days.

Mr. Pope assures us that Sir John had strong religious convictions; that he invariably qualified his plans for the future with "D.V.," adding it if it was omitted by his secretary with his own hand; and that he was in full sympathy with the objects of the Salvation Army. The religious world in general and the Salvation Army in particular will be edified and gratified by learning the fact on such excellent authority.

In domestic and social life Sir John was exceedingly amiable, and he seems to have been very kind and considerate to all about him. In his later years he had a guardian angel to rescue him from a habit which his biographer is constrained to notice, as it was notorious, and more than once caused scandal, besides giving a perpetual handle to his enemies. It might have been pleaded in his excuse that drinking was the custom of politicians when Sir John was young, and that his own temperament was more nervous, more liable to depression, and therefore more prone to a craving for stimulants than was commonly approved. Having to deal with the fact, Mr. Pope might as well have used plain language. By shrinking from it, he is led to spoil

the point of one of the few anecdotes that relieve what, to all not specially interested in Canadian politics, is the inevitable dryness of his book (II. 273). In the genuine version Sir John was when he spoke what he playfully accused the young reporter of being. In this lies the point of the story, which is fully as creditable to Sir John's ready wit as it is discreditable to his temperance.

## MR. DAVIDSON'S POEMS.

The leading characteristics of Mr. John Davidson's *Ballads and Songs* (John Lane) are affluence of emotion and imagery and dashing movement. Mr. Davidson "abounds greatly," and pours forth his strain with a freedom bespeaking the consciousness of great internal resources; nor can he, like a greater poet, be accused of lavishing his treasures with indistinct profusion. Everything is definite enough, and we need never be a moment in doubt as to the poet's meaning. The sight of such healthy energy is refreshing, and we shall not blame Mr. Davidson for not having striven after a scrupulous polish, which he probably could not have attained without the sacrifice of more vital excellence. Our hesitation about his future is not so much on account of his form as of his matter. He seems disposed to constitute himself the laureate of sordid London life, an undertaking to which he certainly appears to have a call. Perhaps the most masterly production in his volume is "Thirty Bob a Week," which is in its way consummate. Yet, though an occasional exercise of this kind may be very well, a volume of the like would hardly form a surer basis for a poetical reputation than a volume of "Bab Ballads." We can hardly suggest a reason, unless that such photographic treatment may trench too nearly on the domain of the novelist. Poetry seems to require something more ethereal and less obtrusive of thew and sinew. There is scarcely a stroke of mere realism in Hood's "Song of the Shirt" or "Bridge of Sighs," tragedies of humble life with which nothing of the kind produced since can bear a moment's comparison. Mr. Davidson's poem is, nevertheless, an exploit; yet we prefer "The Exodus from Houndsditch" as, if less perfect in execution, more poetical in feeling. It is too much in need of condensation to rank as satisfactory Art; but it is steeped in a lurid and sinister lustre—"hue of earthquake and eclipse"—that could only proceed from Genius. The long poem incomprehensibly entitled "A Ballad in Blank Verse" also cries loudly for compression, but is full of striking things.

Mr. Davidson's best strength, however, is put forth in his real ballads. "The Ballad of a Nun," from the *Yellow Book*, has already obtained so much notice that we need only add our voice to the unanimous congratulation. One line, however, which all reviewers have agreed to praise, appears to us of questionable worth—

The adventurous sun took Heaven by storm.

Surely nothing can be more inappropriate to the steady solar march, ordained by unalterable law. Not so wrote Goethe—

Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weise,  
In Brudersphären Wettgesang,  
Und ihre vorgeschriebne Reise  
Vollendet sie mit Donnergang.

The remaining lines of the stanza, however, are admirable—

Clouds scattered largesses of rain;  
The sounding cities, rich and warm,  
Smouldered and glittered on the plain.

A quatrain has not the compass of an octave, but this widening, darkling, shining landscape reminds us of the wonderful stanza in Shelley's "Witch of Atlas," beginning: "But her choice sport was in the hours of sleep." We are reminded of another and a much underrated poet by the striking conclusion of Mr. Davidson's powerful "Ballad of Hell," which echoes the sentiment of Macaulay's—

Even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

It is the right thing in the right place; nevertheless, "A Ballad of Heaven" is equally fine, and animated with the same high-heartedness and indomitable optimism which strike the key-note of Mr. Davidson's music in so far as it is moral or didactic. There is no "decadence" with him, even though it may occasionally be said *magnis excidit ausis*; he may sometimes be a Phaethon, never a Narcissus. We think it must be apparent to all how much these ballads gain from the substitution of an inspiring poetic symbolism for direct contact with the squalor of ignoble life.

We have named Mr. Davidson's most important pieces, but some of the minor ones should not be overlooked as proofs of the capability of a robust hand for delicate pencilling, recording poetic impressions with singular freshness. The following stanzas are from the poem entitled "In Romney Marsh"—

As I went down to Dymchurch Wall  
I heard the South sing o'er the land;  
I saw the yellow sunlight fall  
On knolls where Norman churches stand.  
And singing shrilly, taut and lithe,  
Within the wind a core of sound,  
The wire from Romney town to Hythe  
Alone its airy journey wound.  
A veil of purple vapour flowed  
And trailed its fringe across the Straits;  
The upper air like sapphire glowed;  
And roses filled Heaven's central gates.  
Masts in the offing wagged their tops;  
The swinging waves pealed on the shore;  
The saffron beach, all diamond drops  
And beads of surge, prolonged the roar.

The three succeeding stanzas, for which we have not room, form the counterpart to these, and greatly enhance their beauty.

If Mr. Davidson's fiery fleetness could be chastened by Mr. Watson's dignified and classic restraint, and *vice versa*, we should have two great lyrical poets. Each of these gifted writers, it may be hoped and expected, will progress in the direction of the other; but the way from Davidson to Watson is easier than the way from Watson to Davidson.

R. GARNETT.

## A LONDON LETTER.

"The interesting note on Dickens's signatures in 'A London Letter,'" writes a correspondent, "led me to look through some unpublished Dickens letters in my possession. One of these contains a signature which is, so far as I know, unique—'Anti-Pusey.' The letter was addressed by Dickens to a friend. There was nothing very exciting in the air at the moment about Pusey, whose suspension had taken place years earlier. But the general attitude of Dickens, like that of most of the men of his time and temperament, was unfavourable to the Oxford Movement. He did not say or write a great deal about religion to his friends. His devotion to the New Testament, which he earnestly urged his sons to read, was

*Hughes Thompson*

*read the enclosed, and say  
what it do?*

*For the Anti-Pusey  
anti-Pusey.*

*slumskier Torace*

*Incipit Sir Arthur R4*

expressed somewhat at the expense of the Old. 'Half the misery and hypocrisy of the Christian world arises' (he wrote to a friend) 'from a stubborn determination to force the Old Testament into alliance with the New, whereof comes all manner of camel-swallowing and gnat-straining.' Naturally, therefore, Dickens's attitude was that of Colenso (whom he greatly admired) rather than that of Pusey in the matter of Old Testament criticism, and, in fact, in most ecclesiastical matters besides. It is, perhaps, worth noting that the correspondent to whom this 'Anti-Pusey' letter was addressed himself became a Roman Catholic in later years."

Mr. Edmund Gosse has told the public, through the medium of the *Athenaeum*, that he will not send his book-plate to casual applicants. In this, I think, Mr. Gosse is wrong. To be consistent he should have refused to allow Mr. Egerton Castle to publish the book-plate in his valuable work on that subject. There it is announced to a very large public that Mr. Gosse possesses a charming book-plate designed by E. A. Abbey. What more natural than that some of us who like pretty pictures—and like them doubly when associated with books—should wish to have a copy of this little treasure, of which the monetary value is certainly not more than a farthing? To me the exchange of book-plates suggests a common bond of kinship between book-lovers the wide world over, and I am sorry that Mr. Gosse does not look at it in the same light.

The writer of the very interesting literary gossip which appears every Saturday in the *Globe* complains of the word "Omarian," even while admitting that the word was used by Edward FitzGerald. "It implies at least a knowledge of Persian," he says. On that theory, to call oneself a Platonist implies a knowledge of Greek; to call oneself a Swedenborgian, a Calvinist, or what not, implies a knowledge of the language in which these masters wrote their gospel. The word "Omarian" has, I imagine, been adopted by the Omar Club because it is a more possible word than "FitzGeraldite," which, I presume, would better please the *Globe* writer.

Edward FitzGerald has made a paraphrase of Omar Khayyám which it is possible to love without knowing a word of Persian. If half-a-dozen people like to band themselves together and tell one another how much they are charmed by this poem, it is really no one's concern but their own. It may be a more elevated pursuit to be a member of the "Thirteen Club," let us say, but that is not their opinion.

Here is an interesting point with regard to editorial etiquette. How far is it permitted to the editor of a newspaper to refer to literary projects in which he is interested in the journal which he himself conducts? On this subject certain editors speak with no uncertain sound. We know that Mr. Henley's poems were reviewed—and reviewed favourably—in the *National Observer* when he was conducting that paper; and that Mr. R. H. Hutton's books are noticed in the *Spectator* as if this Mr. Hutton were not its editor. We know, also, that a certain play by Mr. Burnand has been very favourably reviewed in *Punch*; and only this week I observe that Dr. Robertson Nicoll announces in the *British Weekly* that a poem by himself will appear in the next issue of *Blackwood's Magazine*. An editor is, of course, perfectly entitled to "unbend his mind" over literary projects; nevertheless, I am inclined to think that in this matter he should practise a certain self-denying ordinance, and never allow his outside projects to be referred to in any shape whatever in the papers which he conducts. After all, he has perhaps more than his fair share of recognition through the friendly offices of his brother editors.

C. K. S.



## TEN DAYS IN BOSNIA.

## II.—FROM THE FRONTIER TO THE CAPITAL.

An early morning train from Vienna carries you to Buda-Pesth by one in the afternoon; and if you be not disposed to linger by the Pearl of the Danube, where every sensible man will linger at least three days, you can reach Bosna-Brod, the frontier town, by midnight. For the most part the journey is an exasperating one. The fertile plains of Hungary, eulogised in song and story, provoke anything but admiration in the mind of him who gazes at them for five hours while his train carries him sedately from the West of civilisation to the East of comparative barbarism. The very lack of a single mound, the countless acres of hedgeless and unspeakably flat corn-fields, the absence of river and of tree, weary the eye and ruffle the temper. And it is only at night, when the whole train is put upon a gigantic ferry and drawn across the swift Danube to the hills of Bosnia, that the traveller breathes freely and permits himself to hope.

We have said that the morning train to Vienna touches the frontier town of Bosna-Brod about the hour of midnight, but in our own case it was near to one o'clock when courteous Austrians bade us descend from the shelter of a *wagon-lit*, and enter a little carriage upon the metre gauge which has been adopted for all the railways in Bosnia. It was then that we found ourselves in a dark and somewhat dirty-looking station, where flickering lamps enabled us to observe the sudden change which the passing of the Danube had brought about. In more senses than one we had left the West behind us—had come in a moment to the land of minaret and muezzin. Here for the first time the fez was to be observed, with the baggy breeches and the embroidered vests of the sons of Mohammed. Here were the stately deliberation of porter, the benign serenity and immobility of the Slav, who was not born to but had acquired the habit of the Turk. And here also were the neat uniforms of Austrian officials and the babel of tongues which brought to the mind the fact of the occupation and its reality. No longer do the children of Bosna-Brod look upon the people across the Save as their lawful enemies, who in times of popular rejoicing may be

impaled and burnt; no longer do bands of joyous Beys descend upon bridal parties and carry maids to the slavery of the harem. Outwardly, at any rate, the Mussulman has bowed to the power of the Empire, and has sat down to his chibouque praising the Prophet because no greater calamity than this of dependence has come upon him.

For some hours after leaving Brod, Bosnia was to us a hidden country. We learnt only that the railway follows the course of the Save for many miles, and then rises over the heights to gain the valley of the Bosna, which river it pursues almost to its source. But the night was intensely

dark; and while a coach upon the metre gauge is not to be described as a luxury, we were glad to sleep until dawn spread upon the hills. At sunrise, however, we were up and at our carriage windows, and it was then that we began to realise how very little is known in the West of this land of forest and of mountain. We had now entered the valley of the Bosna. High above us were dome-shaped hills, often capped with virgin woods, vast heights ripe with rich greens, little mountains upon whose sides the white huts of the peasants recalled memories of the Tyrol and even of Switzerland. The river itself rushed swiftly over crags and boulders within twenty feet of the railway. Often white with the foam of rapids, abounding in trout, its course lying always at the feet of these infinitely green heights, the Bosna has an aspect of wildness which is in entire keeping with the reputation of the "savage lairs." Nor is there any monotony of the scene, though its features remain unaltered until the town of Serajevo is approached. Here, upon the white and hard road which borders the railway track, you may see the Turk with his pole-wagon and his Lares and Penates piled high as he tramps to another village and another home; there you may watch the light cart, drawn by a couple of smart little horses, the property of a wealthy Mussulman and a landowner. Yonder, upon the hillside, a man, with rags about his head to serve for turban, works sparingly and with an air of leisure at his patch of maize. Women loiter by the crude water-mills; and in the minarets of the utterly white mosques, which glisten like silver when the sun leaps suddenly above the hills, the muezzin is to be seen at the hour of prayer. It is at once a country of mountains, a land touched with the pencil of the East, a State whose history comes vividly to your mind with every ruined fortress and high-placed citadel.

A journey of some eleven hours from Brod carries us to Serajevo, but before we enter the capital the face of the landscape has in some measure changed. We have left the untamable Bosna and struck upon a verdurous plain girdled about with green mountains. Of these, some are of considerable altitude, as all are more or less capped with considerable forests. The highest peak, Mount Trebevic, which is barer than its fellows, is nearly 6000 ft. high. There are many peaks with an altitude of 4000 ft.; and the whole range encircles the city like a wall, and adds not a little to its picturesqueness. It affords a background of rich green to the numberless delicate spires of white which shoot up above the mosques; it throws into relief the villas sprinkled upon the hillside, the red-brick buildings which



A "SNAP-SHOT" NEAR SERAJEVO.



A SCENE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF BOSNIA.



the Austrians have erected, the domes of the churches, and the fine proportions of the law school. And it helps not a little to justify the description "Golden Serajevo," which is the proudest boast of the capital.

A reference to the guide-book tells one that Serajevo is a city of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, of which some sixteen thousand are Mussulmans, more than five thousand Orthodox Greeks, and the residue Catholics. The guide-book, however, is in no way able to bring home to one the impressive aspect of the place as one first sees it, either from the river Miljacka, upon whose banks it is built, or from the great height of the citadel, which towers above its streets as Valérien above Paris. Certainly, there is no city in Europe which has such a glow of the ultimate East upon it; none where so many mosques of exquisite whiteness, such a medley of traders, or such a characteristic bazaar, stamp the long reign of the Turk and his faith. For nearly fourteen years Austria has been working in the streets and upon the improvement of the chief town of Bosnia, but her hand has left no impress of irritating anachronism. The new and wide thoroughfare named after the Kaiser fails to provoke either notice or anger. The fine hotel built by the Government is neither aggressive nor to be depreciated. You may turn from these, and in five minutes you may be in the darkness of a bazaar second only to that of Cairo, in a maze of narrow streets where gold-maker and weaver, merchant of the fez, and vendor of fine coffee sit, each at his own door: his shop a box of which the outer wall serves him for counter by day and shutter by night; his wares spread within touch of his hand; his disposition to haggle always with him. In these narrow thoroughfares donkeys loaded high with produce jostle veiled women absorbed in their marketing; the vendor of nargilehs squats upon his hams and defies the world to produce wares like to his; the dealer in sham gold and silver embroideries calls the Prophet to witness that he is honest; the Spanish Jew cajoles with his nasal



SERAJEVO FROM THE CITADEL.



A GROUP OF BOSNIAN PEASANTRY.

Of the evidences of Austria, or, rather, of Baron Kallay's work, in this capital, we have already made mention; but it is impossible to describe them at any length in such a paper as this. Indeed, a book might be written on that strange juxtaposition of civilisation and of barbarism which the occupation has brought about. On the one hand you find the Tsharshija, the medley of wooden streets and shops, the same to-day as fifty—nay, perhaps a hundred—years ago; on the other you enter a mosque, and it is dazzling with the power of the arc-lamp. Or take up a position to observe the new and fine Hôtel de Ville, which the Government has just finished, and a Bosnian home passes you, piled upon such a wagon as the first Turkish invader may have found when he entered the capital. Side by side upon the prominence of the hill rise the finished houses of the usurping newcomers and the crippled, tumbling chalets which have served the Turks for generations. Everywhere new and old meet, and there is no friction of the acquaintance. The Bosnian himself views the wonders introduced to his city, and does not even gape. He has learnt, not only to tolerate Austria, but to get from her whatever gifts she has for him. When she educates his children, he is not awakened to enthusiasm; when she builds him railways, he has no thanks; when she metes out to him justice, which his fathers never had, he murmurs only that Serbia is free. And yet, deep down, and to be known only by those who have acquaintance of the people, there is growing up, under the genius of M. de Kallay and his officers, a stability and a permanence of aim in this land which promises lasting good to it. The Turk cannot shed his coat nor the son of the soil rise up in joy because new rulers tax him and put arms into his hand; but both have acquiesced in the things which are, and gradually they are learning that their wild and savage lairs in which their pride was have become items in an empire which will hold to them by arms so long as it has existence.

music and makes affidavits as to his poverty. There is activity but no bustle; noise but no clamour; a throng but no press. And when you are wearied, you can turn aside to the great mosque which lies at a stone's-throw from the bazaar, the Begova-Djami, the pride of all the Mussulmans of the city. The outer courtyard of this superb Byzantine structure possesses the largest and most majestic lime-tree we have seen; so wide is the ramification of its branches that the court below is black with shade even in the height of a true Bosnian summer. And beneath its unbrageous leaves you may see scores of Turks at their ablutions in the great fountain from which gushing jets make cooling music when the air is heavy and the glare of the sun intolerable upon the whited pavements without. It is in these things that the true Eastern character of Serajevo is at once apparent. On the third day of our sojourn in the city we were driving at the hour of sundown up the steep road which leads to the seemingly impregnable citadel. From that height it was possible to see the sun hovering upon the summits of the western hills, but the moment of the hour was lost to us until we looked into the valley below and observed some score of Turks bathing in the by no means pellucid waters of the river. Suddenly the deep red glow, as of fire, which had been upon the minarets, gave place to the shadows of twilight. The sun had disappeared behind the mountains, but scarce was the rim of him hidden when a hundred voices from a hundred towers burst upon the air. It was as though the whole city was being called to arms rather than to prayer. At the first note of the hullabaloo the Turks who had been bathing came up out of the water, and, wet as they were, they fell upon their knees and began their devotions. Not a laggard spoiled the picture. It was the act of one man, and worthy of that reputation which Serajevo has earned for the preservation of the Prophet's faith pure and undefiled, even as he delivered it to the first of his children.



THE RAILWAY TO JAJCE.





THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT BOMBAY IN DECEMBER LAST.

*From Photographs by Mr. J. Stewart, Poona.*



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The oyster-sear continues as I write, and it may be well to review the additional evidence which has come to hand regarding the acquirement of typhoid fever from eating tainted molluscs. One patient, by-the-way, himself wittily suggested that typhoid so acquired should be called "bivalvular disease." Sir W. Broadbent, M.D., in an article specially contributed to a medical contemporary, has certainly shown from the clinical side that no doubt can exist that oysters tainted with sewage matter may be the cause of typhoid fever in those who consume them. When I say "tainted with sewage matter," I mean that the germs of typhoid fever, derived from a preceding case or cases, must gain access to the oysters, must live and swarm within the molluscs, and must, of course, be ingested with the oyster itself. That typhoid bacilli can live in the sea-water for some time at least, and that they can retain for a sufficient period their infective powers seems to be a reasonable hypothesis. It is difficult to conceive how otherwise infection could be accounted for, although we do want precise experimental evidence regarding the length of time typhoid bacilli can survive in sea-water. No doubt such evidence will be forthcoming from some bacteriological source or other. At present, the evidence derived from the bare circumstances of the typhoid cases already detailed leaves us practically certain that oysters brought into contact with sewage matters containing typhoid bacilli can and do convey the disease to those who eat them. It would be astonishing indeed if the reverse were true.

Sir W. Broadbent's cases are of the same typical order as those to which I referred in this page in a previous article. My friend Sir Peter Eade, M.D., of Norwich, also contributes an interesting note of much public interest, in which he maintains that oysters are not the only molluscs which may convey typhoid fever to man. Mussels, according to Sir Peter Eade, may also serve as media of infection. He details a Norwich epidemic of typhoid, occurring among poor persons chiefly, due presumably to their consuming mussels affected by sewage; and Sir Peter Eade adds that he has seen mussels stored in tidal estuaries receiving sewage from an adjoining town. A friend suggests to me that a greater degree of danger might exist when the oysters are eaten directly from the shell. The shell, he argues, is itself often very unclean, and sewage matter, it is held, might remain on or in the shell, while the oyster itself might be relatively clean and harmless. Be that as it may, we are certainly face to face with a public danger which it is our duty to encounter and to prevent. I am glad to see the Local Government Board is bestirring itself in this matter. I have seen oysters lying in their tubs in shops not above suspicion in respect of the purity of the water in which they were kept, or of the tub itself.

Sir B. W. Richardson has contributed an interesting paper on cycling and its effects to the Medical Society of London. We have all been waiting for some such deliverance, and it will prove interesting to cyclists at large to know what a physician, himself a devotee of the exercise, thinks and knows of the physical effects of the sport. It is the heart that cycling principally and primarily affects. It quickens the circulation, although, curiously enough, Sir B. W. Richardson added that riders themselves may not be conscious of the increase of their hearts' pulsations. This, I say, is curious, because, under most circumstances of similar kind, we are conscious of the quickened beating of the heart. When I have tricycled (I never rode a bicycle) I was certainly quite aware of the increased pulsations of my heart when going at a good pace. The effect of the increased pulsation is to enable the cyclist to withstand fatigue, to ward off sleep in long-distance rides, and generally to enable him, as a living machine, to work for a certain time at high pressure. Sir B. W. Richardson adds that he has never known a case of sudden death from cycling (I fancy such cases have been recorded), that he never knew a rider obliged to dismount from breathlessness, giddiness, heart-overstrain, and like troubles; and that a rider who was breathless and had palpitation in mounting stairs could climb a hill on his machine easily without exhibiting these effects.

I confess these conclusions puzzle and surprise me. I do not doubt for a moment the correctness of my friend Sir B. W. Richardson's observations and conclusions; I merely say that, physiologically, with a body working at high pressure there must be entailed corresponding wear and tear and waste, with a certain liability to strain. Yet none of these effects are chronicled of the cyclists, and more surprising is it to hear of people able to climb hills on a cycle without fatigue, and yet exhibiting breathlessness in going upstairs. Is there, then, something about cycling which makes that exercise less wearing, physiologically regarded, than other forms of muscular exertion? If so, wherein consists the difference? But it seems that cycling may be carried to excess after all. Heart-disease has been seen by Sir Benjamin in his consulting-room after some years of cycling. Contrariwise, it is held that in all cases of heart-disease it is not necessary to exclude cycling, while it might be useful in certain cases of weak heart, by strengthening the heart-muscle. The practical conclusion I deduce from the discussion is that cycling, like everything else, should be indulged in in moderation, straining should be avoided, excessive fatigue guarded against, and, according to Sir Benjamin, alcoholic stimulants excluded.

I observe that one gentleman, in the course of the discussion on cycling, suggested that its good effects, compared with those of other sports, were due to "the predominance of exercise over exertion." There was much limb-movement with a small amount of actual labour. As regards cycling for women, Sir B. W. Richardson expressed the opinion that it was an admirable exercise, always excluding the tendency to overstrain; for anaemia and want of tone he held cycling to be the best possible remedy. On the whole, then, the doctors are in favour of cycling as an exercise. I suspect, however, they all imply that it is the "happy mean" wherein its safety and advantage lie.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ALEX CROSS (Stoneleigh).—Will you be good enough to send your position on a diagram?

E B W (Edgbaston).—If P at K Kt 2nd takes Q, how is mate given? If R to K Kt 8th (ch), B interposes.

TRIMBAK GANESH PURKAR (Jhansi, India).—Solution acknowledged below. You are quite welcome to quote problems from this column.

A NOVICE (Islington).—Any Pawn reaching its eighth square must be promoted to whatever piece is claimed. There may therefore be nine Queens on the board. Your opponent is quite right if by pieces he means Pawns.

J F WESLEY (Exeter).—Thanks for problem. It is quite correct, but rather too easy for our use. Shall be glad to see another specimen or two.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2644 received from Trimback Ganesh Purkar (Jhansi); of No. 2645 from A A Bowden (San Diego, California); of No. 2646 from P W Morgan (Stratford, Canada); A P (St John, N B), and Dr A R V Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2648 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 2649 from J G Thurstfield (Wadnesbury); Charles Burnett, C R Sowell (St Austell); H Greenwood, E G Boys, and Charles H C Harrison (Thursk); of No. 2650 from Ubique, E G Boys, H S Brandreth, Captain J A Challice, W David (Cardiff), J Bailey (Newark), J F Moon, Franklin Institute, A E McClintock (Kingstown), W E Thompson, C W Freeman (Tonbridge), C E Perugini, and Charles Burnett.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2651 received from Edward J Sharpe, Dr Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), E Loudon, F Holdsworth, C E Perugini, Shadforth, J F Moon, Charles Burnett, J S Wesley (Exeter), Henry B Byrnes (Torquay), Ubique, R H Brooks, Charles Wagner (Vienna), J Dixon, Oliver Icingia, W H S (Peterborough), C I Fisher (Eye), G T Hughes (Athy), C M A B, J D Tucker (Leeds), Franklin Institute, Sorrento, Twynam (Ryde), J Coad, Lieutenant-Colonel E H Ryan, Miss Marie S Priestley (Bangor, County Down), G Douglas Angus, E E H, J I I (Frampton), Seymour, W R Baillet, T Roberts, R Worters (Canterbury), F L Evans, Alpha, H Moss (Sleaford), W David (Cardiff), H S Brandreth, W Wright, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), C Butcher jun. (Botesdale), E W Burnell (Edgbaston), and Borden School.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2650.—By CHEVALIER DESANGES.

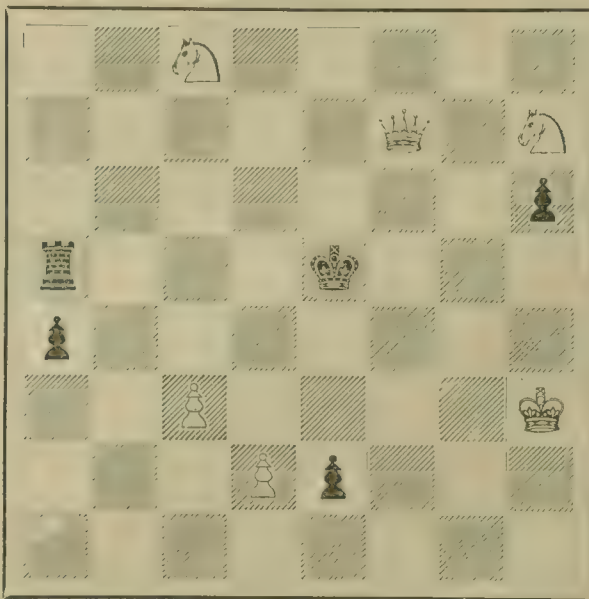
WHITE.  
1. Q to K 6th.  
2. B takes P (ch).  
3. B takes P, Mate.

If Black play 1. Q to Q 4th, 2. B takes P (ch); Q takes B; 3. Q takes Q, Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2653.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN HAVANA.

Game played in the match between MESSRS. VASQUEZ and TAUBENHAUS. (Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	21. Kt to K 2nd	K R to K sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. Kt to Q 4th	K R to Q B sq
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	23. K R to K sq	Kt to B 3rd
4. Kt takes P	P to K Kt 3rd	24. Kt to Kt 3rd	R to B 2nd
5. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	25. P to Q B 4th	R to K sq
6. Q to K 4th	Kt to B 3rd	26. P to B 3rd	R to B sq
7. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th	27. B to Q 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
8. P to K 6th	Kt to B 3rd	28. P to B 5th	
9. P takes Q P (ch)			

The object apparently of this capture in preference to the other Pawn is to give Black an isolated Q B P.

10. B to K B 4th  
11. B to K 5th  
12. Kt to B 3rd  
13. P to Q Kt 4th

There is clearly nothing to be gained by B taking Kt, followed by Q takes Q B, on account of Black's reply, B takes Kt (ch), etc.

14. B to Q 3rd  
15. B takes Q  
16. B to B 5th  
17. Castles (K R)  
18. B to B 4th  
19. Q R to Q sq

A good way out of an embarrassing position, and at once giving White a superior game.

19. B to K 3rd  
20. B takes B

Having the double effect of shutting out the Knight and preventing B taking P.

28. P takes P  
29. P takes P  
30. R to Q 2nd  
31. B takes B  
32. R to Q 6th  
33. Kt to Q 4th  
34. Kt takes P  
35. P to Q R 3rd  
36. R to Q 2nd  
37. R (at Q 2) takes P  
38. R to K 7th (ch)  
39. R takes R (ch)  
40. R takes Q R P  
41. P to K R 3rd  
42. Kt to K 5th  
43. P to B 4th  
44. P to B 7th  
45. R takes Kt, and wins.

The ending is distinguished for accurate play on White's part, taking full advantage of Black's inferior Pawn position on the Queen's side.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the first match of the newly formed league in the United States, between MESSRS. DRISCOLL and S. LOYD, the famous composer.

(Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th		
2. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd		
3. Q to K 2nd			

If now White play Kt to Q B 3rd, Black may capture the K P and follow with P to Q 4th; if the piece is at once retaken, White's resource, B takes P (ch), is said to be inferior.

4. Kt to K B 3rd  
5. P to Q 3rd  
6. P to K R 3rd  
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd

It is better, perhaps, to retire the Bishop to Kt 3rd, so as to get an open file in case Black carries out the intention of capturing.

8. Kt takes Kt  
9. Kt to K 3rd  
10. Castles

The King's side has already been compromised by the advance of P to R 3rd, and Castling is, under the circumstances, a mistake.

11. P to Q Kt 3rd  
12. K to R 2nd  
13. P to K Kt 4th  
14. Kt takes Kt P  
15. Kt takes B  
16. K to Kt 2nd  
17. Kt takes P  
18. K takes R

White's dilatory movements, on the one hand, and Black's steady advance, on the other, furnish an instructive comparison.

The attempt to gain the Rook was unavailing. Black now mates in four moves, beginning with Kt to K 6th (dis ch.) a problem.

A chess club has been formed at Eton, under influential patronage, and promises to be most successful. The hon. secretary is Mr. F. Hoddinott, London and County Bank House.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is, perhaps, in the bonnets that the glaring tones of the hour are most inartistically used. The mixture of many colours is much to be deprecated in any part of the costume. It is, above all, undesirable in hats or bonnets, the crowning point of the attire and that by which the eye of the passer-by is most quickly caught, as well as that which has most influence on the complexion and the general aspect of the countenance. Black ribbon and jet put with pink and magenta flowers, green leaves, gold wire lace, and the brown of sable-tails all on one headgear, as I have seen it, cannot become anybody or do anything else but ruin the artistic effect of a costume. The valuable influence exerted by the Princess of Wales on all extravagances of dress, and her good and refined taste in both shape and colour, are most useful in checking such eccentricities when she is moving about in society, and we all hope that she will remain amidst us now. In these matters she is the first lady in the world. France has no sovereign. Germany's Empress only desires to be a quiet housewife, and her husband, who is so much the lord and master, has declared that the article of dress in which he most admires her is an apron! Austria's Empress, though graceful and beautiful, has practically abdicated her high station, and, dressed in a style of ultra-simplicity, travels the world incognito, under the name of "Mrs. Nicholson." The Queen of Italy is, indeed, a well-dressed and elegant monarch, but Italy is too poor for its ladies, following their Queen, to have much chance of influencing the fashions of universal womankind. Beyond a doubt, our Princess is by far the most influential lady in the world of women's fashions, and when she does not appear we are left to the mercies of dressmakers and milliners. Things are not going very well just now—crinolines looming on our horizon, crude colours capturing us, and hats and bonnets growing as glaring as a negress's head-kerchief, and as regards the hats, as overloaded with feathers as funeral horses and as wide in circumference as bicycle-wheels.

There is one fashion of the moment that is very sensible and useful—to wit, the wearing of coloured blouses or theatre bodices of various light shades, with dark skirts. A black satin or moiré or peau-de-soie skirt is an invaluable possession, for it can be made to be useful in so many circumstances and conditions by dint of a wise selection of silk, fancy material, and chiffon bodices. Have a black satin skirt of good, marrowy quality, made with a short train, and provide yourself with a blouse of red or pale blue silk, as may suit your complexion, for theatre and small dinner wear, having it slightly cut open at the neck, and smartened up with a full collar or epaulettes of cream or self coloured chiffon, and full-puffed sleeves of the silk overhung with the chiffon; have also a bodice of chiffon pleated over a fitting lining, and made with elbow puffs only, a full collar of the same chiffon, with a ribbon waist-belt and a smartly made bow of the same ribbon mounted on one or both shoulders; and finally, have a warm bodice of silk and wool mixture, or crêpon, either black or some plain rather dark colour, trimmed with jet; and there you are, with costumes for the small dressy occasion, for the full-dress dinner or evening party, and the afternoon "at home," perfectly fashionable in each case, and yet only having your wardrobe burdened with one expensive skirt for the whole series of toilettes.

In this month's *Young Woman*, an altogether extremely interesting number—"A Saint," by Katharine Tynan, and "Sir Walter Scott's Women Friends," by Dora Jones, being both particularly charming—there is an illustrated article by Mrs. Tooley on Mrs. Sidney Webb, who is probably the most cultured and reasonable woman that the modern Socialists count in their ranks. The most original and interesting feature of Mrs. Webb's ideas is, however, nothing to do with Socialism. It is that there ought to be "A House of Ladies," to be elected by women's votes, in order that they may sit regularly to consider and report on all Bills in Parliament that concern women's interests. Mrs. Webb is opposed to women's suffrage, and offers this as a substitute: "They would practically form a standing committee of women to watch over the interests of women in legislation. I would not give them a veto, but they would send amendments to the House of Commons, and the House of Commons would accept them. The House of Ladies would say what ought to be done, and the House of Commons would do it." This is an original idea at any rate; how it would work is quite another matter. It is to be feared that the House of Commons would not be so docile as Mrs. Webb hopes. We may remember, however, that the House of Commons itself for a long time was only a sort of recommending council to the monarch, who expected his will to be supreme in matters debated by the House. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth both trampled on the House of Commons when it tried to oppose the royal will; but, on the other hand, they listened to its demands and counsels as a means of finding out what the people would and what they would not stand, and by degrees the House gained power. It is just possible that the same might happen in Mrs. Webb's projected assembly.

Correspondents are one of my minor difficulties. It seems unkind utterly to ignore them, yet it is perfectly impossible for me to reply to letters privately, and I have no space to answer here. Two of the lady journalists writing on other newspapers have this week a nearly identical answer to correspondents of theirs: "If you want to know something from Mrs. Fenwick-Miller, why do you write to me?" pathetically say "Virginia" and "Butterfly," in their respective columns. The correspondent may, perhaps, reply, because she has vainly sought the answer from me; but how can I be expected to write private letters to strangers? What I will do for my readers is this: If they want only an address, or some information that can be tersely given in a few words, I will undertake to reply provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed and a space is left for the answer to be written on the same sheet of paper with the question. But some readers ask for long replies. A correspondent wrote from Denmark recently requesting me to buy her an article for which she would pay on delivery; and by the same post a man wrote to ask where to get something that many shops supply.





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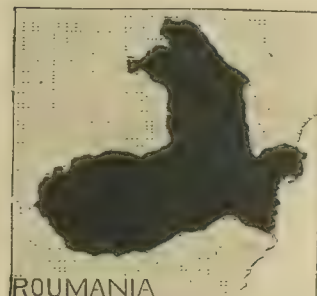
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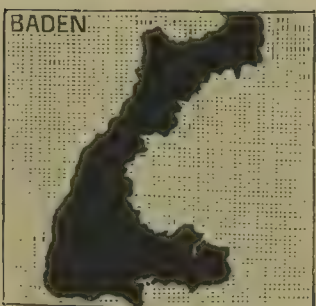
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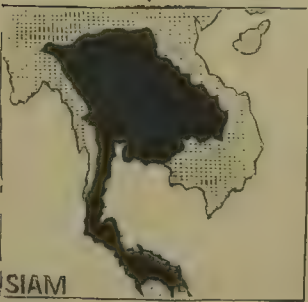
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## ART NOTES.

Mr. E. A. Abbey's pictures, now on view at the Conduit Street Galleries, are, apart from all other qualities, an important addition to contemporary art. We have few opportunities in this country of giving painters a free hand in decorating public buildings, and the example set by the municipal authorities at Manchester has not been widely followed. "They order these things better" in New England, and the trustees of the Public Library at Boston have done honour to themselves by entrusting the decoration of their fine hall to an artist who claims close connection with England, old and new. "The Quest of the Holy Grail" is a happily chosen subject moreover, for in the Arthurian romance all British and Breton people can claim kinship; while it offers an almost unbounded field for the imagination of poet and painter alike. Mr. Abbey has, it must be admitted, turned his opportunities to good account, and in the selection of the episodes has shown good taste. The presentation of the child Galahad, his departure from his home among the nuns, naturally introduce us to the Arthurian Round Table, at which young Galahad presents himself, and takes the "Seat Perilous" with full assent of King Arthur and those present. This is the largest and most important of the five pictures now exhibited, and, if we may say so, it is the best conceived and the most satisfactorily executed. There is a bold harmonising of the dazzling light flooding the picture from all sides which raises Mr. Abbey's art far above the ordinary level of those who seem to rely upon the theatrical effects of limelight to convey a supernatural meaning. "The Blessing of Sir Galahad in the Knights' Chapel" follows, and leads up to Sir Galahad's first probation in the Castle of the Grail, with its spellbound inhabitants, Amfortas, the King of the Grail, with the men and women, priests and knights fixed in trance until released by the arrival of the blameless knight. Presumably, the painting of this episode is still unfinished, for it cannot be supposed that Mr. Abbey will allow the more spiritualised portion of the scene to be less highly finished than that in which the entranced crowds is rendered. The figure of the Bearer of the Grail especially deserves much more work than it has as yet received, and should convey some key to the fatal silence of Sir Galahad. This is, however, a matter of slight importance when judging the whole work. Throughout Mr. Abbey displays boldness of conception, freedom in drawing (a matter of no little importance when all the figures are life-size), and brilliancy of imagination in dealing with the Arthurian legend. More we cannot say, for in answer to the complaint that, with all his qualities, Mr. Abbey lacks "the inspiration" which vivified the original, it might with truth be said that he has translated the language of the Troubadours into modern English.

Mr. Henry Savage Landor, the author of that interesting volume of travels in Corea, is exhibiting in one of the galleries of the Grosvenor Club a number of sketches made by him when in the country of the "Hairy Ainu" and its neighbours. These *pochades*, as Mr. Savage Landor

describes them, although small in size are dexterous in execution, and each little square of canvas is crammed with interesting and, doubtless, exact detail. A general low tone pervades all the works exhibited, but whether it is that the artist prefers to work in shades of brown or that the pervading tone of the landscape in Corea, China, and Japan was so conveyed to his mind, is a matter of comparatively small importance. Such sketches as those of the bridge at Nikko, of the street in Kioto, the snow scene at the Kudan, or the sunset at Ikao impress themselves vividly upon the attention, and convey the impression of having been done on the spot. In all probability the majority of these sketches, which refer to Mr. Landor's wanderings during two or three years in places remote from the civilised world, were done under conditions which were the reverse of agreeable; but the spectator in reality gains by the artist's discomfort. The latter is less tempted to make his picture attractive in the eagerness to get it finished, and, consequently, when one turns from Mr. Landor's book to his drawings, we realise fully the difficulties under which he journeyed. As far as can be judged from the indications of Korean country, it looks from a practical point hardly worth fighting about—desolate, unfruitful, and apparently incapable of tillage. On these points the Japanese may have more correct notions, or other motives which urge them to obtain the rulership of a race of semi-savages, whose methods of dealing with criminals (political ones it is said) is depicted in ghastly detail by Mr. Savage Landor. In any case, at this moment the exhibition of these sketches is of unusual interest and appropriateness.

The managers of the Dutch Gallery (Brooke Street, Hanover Square) have done good service to Messrs. Walter and Bernhard Sickert by holding an exhibition of their joint productions. Everyone is acquainted with the peculiarities of Mr. Walter Sickert's taste—his preference for subjects which to most eyes seem, if not unpaintable, at least unsuitable to pictorial art. The music halls, circuses, and *cafés chantants* of London and Paris have furnished him with abundant themes, which have alternately caused the delight and the despair of his friends. When grouped together, as in the present exhibition, it will be seen that Mr. Walter Sickert is not without method in the seeming perverseness of his choice of subjects. He is laboriously working out problems of light and shadow—too often artificially produced—and at the same time endeavouring to portray actual motion on the part of his dancers, riders, and singers—

Souvent il est heureux,  
Grand motif de se croire habile.

It is far from our wish to disparage the themes which inspire Mr. W. Sickert's brush, but when we turn from them to a work so full of real sentiment and harmonious treatment as his seated figure of a woman, entitled "Despair" (30), one has ground for protesting against his persistent choice of "motifs" from a lower level.

Mr. Bernhard Sickert is more exclusively a landscape painter to whom some architectural feature is almost

a necessity. In such works as the bright study of the Bridge, the Quay, and the Harbour of Boulogne and similar subjects from Dieppe and Honfleur we get a good notion of his quickness of eye and readiness of hand. He has a singularly effective way of dealing with passing effects of light, and a clever knack of keeping his walls and stonework in gradation and harmony. In such works as the view of Wareham across the waters of Poole Harbour, or the walls of old Boulogne, which belong rather to the class of pure landscape, we recognise Mr. B. Sickert's skill in the treatment of sky and atmosphere, which is seldom commonplace and always truthful and effective.

The National Portrait Gallery—externally, at least—is at length finished—some months after the latest date given by the Chief Commissioner of Works. It will, however, be another three months before the building can be handed over by the contractors, as there remains much to do internally. Meanwhile, no steps have been taken to reorganise the management of this important national collection, which but for Mr. Alexander's patriotic feeling would have been still homeless. The Treasury officials—to whom the financial arrangements in connection with the Gallery fall—display either their ignorance or indifference of the actual condition of affairs. They affect to forget that the existing arrangement is purely voluntary on the part of the Acting Director, who resigned his nominal post more than a year ago. Yet so far as the Trustees are concerned, no steps have been taken by the Treasury to discuss the future management of the National Portrait Gallery. Of course no one expects courtesy from the Treasury, especially in its dealings with departments offering no prizes for ever-ready and omniscient clerks, but the public has a right to know that a valuable national collection, largely due to private liberality, should not suffer detriment because of the incapacity or supineness of a body of officials at Whitehall.

A very graceful and generous act on the part of the Earl of Aberdeen has been the promise to educate and maintain, until the age of twenty-one, the two sons of the late Sir John Thompson, Prime Minister of Canada. This offer from the Governor-General has been greatly appreciated by the Canadians.

Two London journalists have been baulked so far in their attempt to visit Armenia in connection with the reported atrocities. The Ottoman Consul-General refused to *visé* their passports, which had previously been granted by Rustem Pasha. This seems shortsighted policy on the part of the Porte.

It appears that the Dowager Empress of Russia has derived considerable benefit from Mariani wine, which she has been taking at the suggestion of her sister, the Princess of Wales. Naturally, what has suited the Empress is just now in great demand among the Russian aristocracy as a cure for that painfully frequent trouble described as "nerves."

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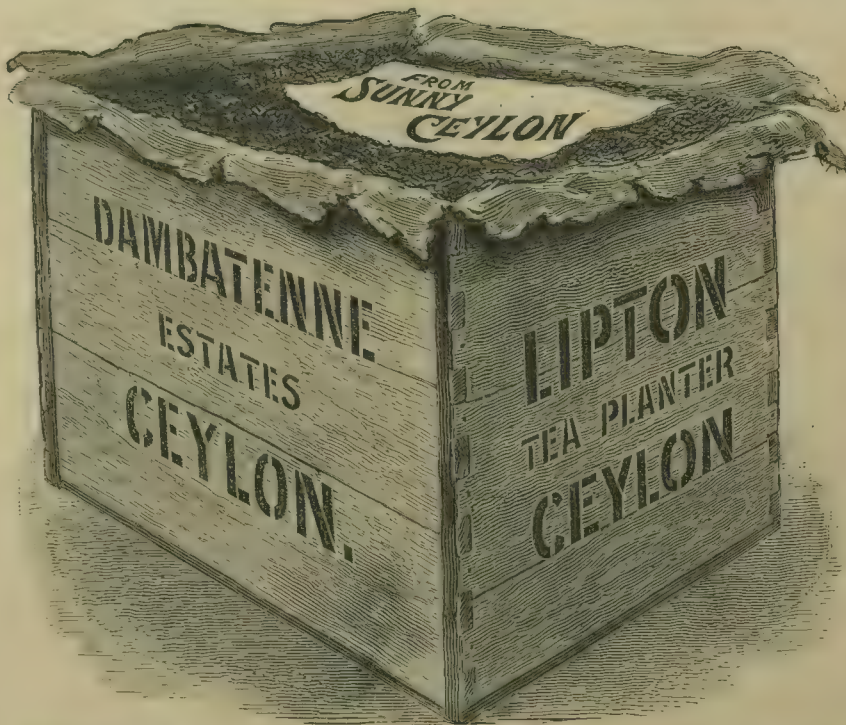
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**Pears,**  
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fame,  
While other names fall dumb,  
And having lived a hundred  
years,  
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1893), with a codicil (dated May 11, 1894), of the Right Hon. Horatio William, Earl of Orford, was proved on Jan. 21 by Colonel Horace Walpole and Edward Hugh Whitehead, two of the executors, the net value of the personal estate amounting to £362,725. The testator gives £500 to the Norwich Hospital; £500 for charitable purposes in connection with the Catholic Church of St. John's, Maddermarket, Norwich; £5000 and a cottage and land at Erpingham, Norfolk, to Emily Williamson; £13,000 and an annuity of £350 to his housekeeper, Maria Steverson, if in his service at his death; and legacies to relatives, friends, executors, and servants. He bequeaths a picture of James Stuart, the Pretender, and his sister, by Largillière, to the National Portrait Gallery. The effects in and about Mannington Hall, and his mansion house at Wolterton, with some exceptions, are given to his successor in the title. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his adopted son, Colonel Horace Walpole, for life, with power to him to appoint part of the income to his widow, if any, and then for his issue as he shall appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1885) of Mr. Henry Edward Hole, of Quorn Lodge, Quorndon, Leicestershire, was proved on Dec. 11 at the Leicester District Registry by Edward Handley Warner and Charles Bolton Toller, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £125,211. The testator bequeaths all his household goods and furniture, horses, carriages, and farming stock to his

wife, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Hole; £10,000, payable on the death of his wife, to his son Hubert Northcote; and £100 each to his executors. Quorn Lodge and all other of his real estate he devises to the use of his wife for life, and then to his eldest son, Charles Harold. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 28, 1890), with a codicil (dated April 27, 1891), of the Hon. Lawrence Parsons, J.P., of Winkfield Place, Winkfield, Berks, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on Jan. 21 by the Hon. and Rev. Randal Parsons, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £66,800. The testator charges the estate in the county of Wexford, devised to him by the will of his father, the second Earl of Rosse, with an annuity of £210 in favour of his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Jane Parsons; and makes various appointments under the settlements made on his former and present marriages in favour of his children and their issue, and there are also some bequests to children. The residue of his personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life, and then to pay £18,000 to his son Randolph Cecil, and £250 per annum to his son Albert William. The ultimate residue of his personal estate he gives to his daughters Louisa Alice Brocklehurst and Florence Helen Isabella Harford.


The will (dated June 1, 1893), with a codicil (dated Aug. 18, 1894), of the Rev. Charles Brodrick Scott, D.D., for twenty-eight years Head Master of Westminster School, of Ottershaw, Priory Road, Bournemouth, who died on

Dec. 7, was proved on Jan. 16 by John William Scott and Henry Scott, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £57,462. The testator states that he had assigned his estate near Kells, county Meath, to his brother, the Venerable John George Scott, Archdeacon of Dublin, and he now bequeaths to him, among other articles, his two gold medals from Cambridge, the Chancellor's medal, and the Wrangham medal for 1848; his residence, Ottershaw, he gives to his brother John William; and there are legacies to executors and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his brothers and sister, John William, Edward Ashley, Henry, and Louisa Harriet in equal shares.

The will (dated May 4, 1888), with two codicils (dated Nov. 2, 1889, and April 28, 1891), of the Right Hon. Charles Stanley, Viscount Monck, P.C., G.C.M.G., who died on Nov. 29, was proved on Jan. 19 by Henry Power Charles Stanley, Viscount Monck, the son, and John MacDonnell Royse, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £40,391. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, and there is a legacy to a servant. He confirms the settlement made on his daughter on her marriage. The residue of his property whatsoever he gives, devises, and bequeaths to his said son.

The will (dated April 6, 1888), with three codicils (dated Jan. 11, 1892, and April 11 and Oct. 7, 1894), of Major-General Reginald Curtis, of 98, St. George's Square, who died on Nov. 5, was proved on Jan. 7 by Captain Reginald Salmon Curtis, R.E., the son, and

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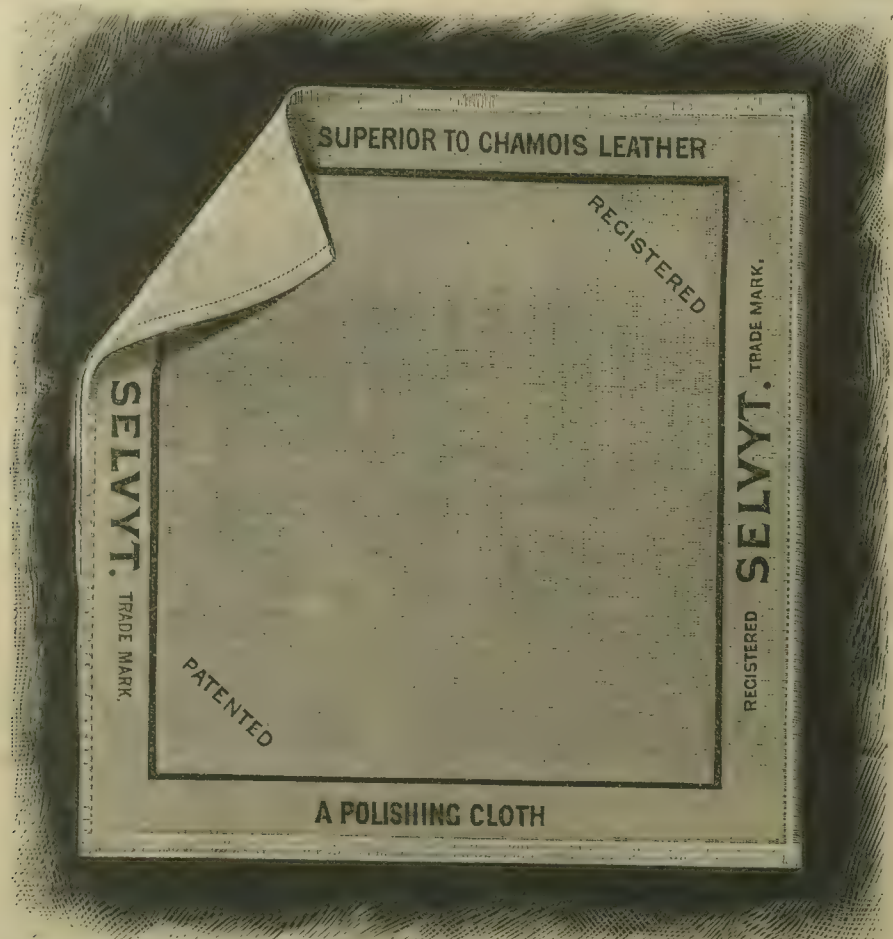
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The will (dated July 1, 1890), with a codicil (dated May 30, 1894), of Sir Charles Hugh Lowther, Bart., of Swillington, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 6, was proved on Jan. 18 by the Right Hon. James Lowther, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,562. The testator devises all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property in the West Riding of Yorkshire, upon the trusts of the will (dated Dec. 12, 1863) of his brother, Sir John Henry Lowther; and all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property in the North Riding, upon the trusts of the settlement (dated Dec. 10, 1856) made by his said brother. He gives his goods, chattels, and effects in the North Riding of Yorkshire, Middlesex, and London, to his said son James; and the residue of his real and personal estate to the person who shall succeed to the West Riding estate.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1894) of Captain Robert Townley Parker, retired 53rd Foot (Shropshire) and 33rd Foot (Duke of Wellington's), of 90, Piccadilly, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on Jan. 18 by Captain Thomas Leigh Crosse, Reginald Arthur Tatton, the nephew, and

Sir William Leyland Feilden, Bart., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,693. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £1000 each to his daughter, Ida Mary Parker, and his daughter-in-law, Helen Annie Parker, the widow of his late son, Gerald Townley Parker; an annuity of £600 to his cousin, Captain T. L. Crosse; £1000 to Captain John Ashby, Indian Staff Corps; £200 each to his executors; his plate and plated articles (except one or two pieces specifically bequeathed) to his said daughter-in-law; and his furniture and effects (except some pictures and other articles specifically bequeathed) to his said cousin. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Violet Caroline Townley Parker, and his trustees are specially empowered to apply £1000 per annum for her maintenance during her minority.

The will of Mr. Edward Samuel Evans Hartopp, of 147, Warwick Street, Pimlico, who died on Oct. 5 at South Pickenham Hall, South Pickenham, Norfolk, was proved on Jan. 17 by Mrs. Sarah Hartopp, the widow, and William Evans Hartopp, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9764.

The will (dated July 20, 1880), with four codicils (dated Nov. 27, 1884; Jan. 5 and Oct. 26, 1889; and Jan. 26, 1893), of Miss Eliza Fanny Fullerton, formerly of Tunbridge Wells, and late of Chagford, Devon, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on Jan. 3 by Captain James Gilbert Johnston, the surviving executor, the value of the

personal estate exceeding £13,000. The testatrix gives such sum as will when invested produce £350 per annum, upon trust, for her nephew, Gilbert Elphinstone Harvey Spiller, his wife and children; and there are numerous other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her sister, Harriet Caroline Spiller, for life, and then for her said nephew, his wife and children.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. William Thomas Sensier, of Broad Street, Alresford, Hants, jockey, who died on Dec. 16 at Lewes, intestate, were granted on Jan. 16 to Mrs. Kate Sarah Sensier, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5301.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1894) of Sir Oswald Walters Brierly, F.R.G.S., Marine Painter to the Queen, of 24, Ladbroke Crescent, Notting Hill, who died on Dec. 14, was proved on Jan. 21 by Miss Emma Brierly, the daughter, and Joseph John Elliott, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £634. The testator gives all his property, whether real or personal, to his three children, Emma, Louise Marie Elizabeth, and Alwin Huard, in equal shares.

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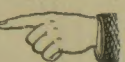
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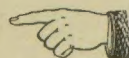
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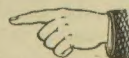
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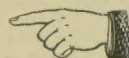
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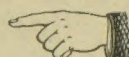
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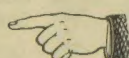
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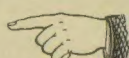
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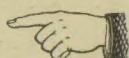
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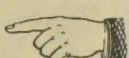
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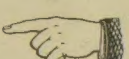
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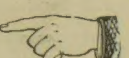
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For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



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For the Complexion.



For the Complexion.



## OBITUARY.

Lucia Caroline Elizabeth, Lady Bagot, died on Jan. 22, aged sixty-seven. She was the eldest daughter of the first Lord Dover, and was married to the third Lord Bagot in 1851.

Mr. John Givan, who represented County Monaghan from 1880 to 1883, died on Jan. 23, aged fifty-seven.

Mr. Frederick Miles, for many years the head of the publishing firm of Simpkin, Marshall and Co., died on Jan. 23, aged seventy.

Mr. James Grant Mackintosh, formerly Secretary to the Colonial and Continental Committees of the Free Church of Scotland, died on Jan. 20.

Lady de Keyser, wife of Sir Polydore de Keyser, a former Lord Mayor of London, died Jan. 20, aged fifty-nine.

General Anthony Thornhill, who as Major was first Assistant in the Residency at Hyderabad at the time of

the Indian Mutiny, and had much to do with the saving of the Deccan, died on Jan. 14, aged seventy-five.

Prince Arisugawa Faruhito, Chief of the General Staff of the Japanese Army, died on Jan. 24, aged fifty-nine.

Mr. J. V. Whitaker, editor of the *Bookseller*, died on Jan. 15, aged fifty.

Among the various American customs introduced into this country, one of the latest is that of chewing gum. Over £800,000 worth of gum is annually consumed in the United States. Bicyclists, athletes, and nearly all persons engaged in outdoor sports chew gum to keep the mouth moist while exercising. Children are pacified with gum when crying for sweets, and it is now the fad for adults to chew gum for dyspepsia since Dr. Beeman, the millionaire gum-manufacturer of Cleveland, U.S.A., put Pepsin gum upon the market. Probably it would not be an exaggerated estimate to say that 3,000,000 lb. of gum is used annually in the manufacture of the material, and that 9,000,000 lb.

of sugar is assimilated in the process. Most of the crude gum is imported from Mexico. Beeman's chewing-gum can be obtained in various flavours. Its advocates claim that it aids digestion, and that each tablet contains one grain of pure pepsin, sufficient to digest one thousand grains of food.

One of the results of the suit instituted against the stewards of the Jockey Club has been to keep Lord Rendlesham from joining the Duke of Hamilton on his cruise to the Canary Islands.

A very alarming accident, which cost one life, happened on the night of Jan. 23 on the Lower Thames, near Purfleet, to a barge conveying a new gun with two tons and a half of ammunition, cordite, gunpowder, and charged shells, from Woolwich to the artillery practice-ground at Shoeburyness. The barge went ashore and was somehow set on fire; the men on board, except the master, Herbert Lott, escaped the flames and the explosion; but he, with his clothes burning, jumped into the water and perished.

## FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

# FRUIT SEEDS ROSES

NOTHING SO PROFITABLE AND EASY TO GROW.

Eighty Acres in Stock.

THE BEST PROCURABLE.

Lists Free.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.

Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free, for cash with order.

8s. per doz., 60s. per 100.

All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.

ROSES IN POTS From 15/- a doz.

Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres.

Four Acres of Glass.

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N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

GENERAL CATALOGUE

(164 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced, containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, sent free.

RICHARD SMITH & CO. WORCESTER

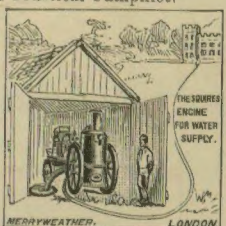
## MERRYWEATHERS'

## "WATER SUPPLY TO MANSIONS."

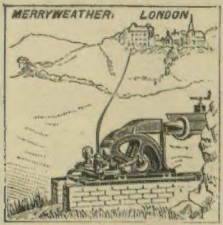
"The Times" says: "A Practical Pamphlet."



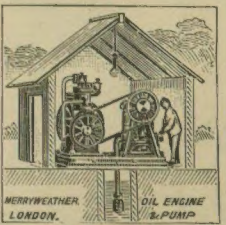
HAND-WHEEL PUMP.



"SQUIRE'S" PUMP AND FIRE ENGINE.



WATER-WHEEL PUMP.



OIL-ENGINE PUMP.

Call or Write: 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.  
60 GOLD MEDALS. Established 202 Years.

## THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.  
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

## NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

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## CROUP.

## ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.  
Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

## X COSMOSINE X

THE ANTISEPTIC AND PERFUMED SALINE

### FOR THE BATH AND TOILET WATER.

Refreshing and Invigorating, Delightful to the Skin.

Softens Hard Water.

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., at THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES, and most respectable Chemists everywhere, or direct from the  
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## BRINSMEAD PIANOS

Possess features which give to them distinctive advantages over all others, viz.:

- Perfect Inventions.
- Perfect Materials.
- Perfect Construction.
- Perfect Adjustment.
- Perfect Finish.
- Perfect Action.
- Perfect Sensibility of Touch and Tone.
- Legion of Honour. Numerous Gold Medals.

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Returned from Hire. Far superior to badly constructed low priced new ones. GREAT SALE. Grand and Cottages. Broadwood's, Collard's, Erard's, and other makers. From £10 to £100. Send for Descriptive Catalogues. All Pianos packed free, and sent to any part.

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## WINTER SEASON.

As a WINTER RESORT Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn-tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter there does not exist.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascination and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

## BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 922.—FEBRUARY 1895.—2s. 6d.

## CONTENTS:

THE END OF A CHAPTER.—A CURIOUS LOTTERY.—A CONGESTED DISTRICT.—THE SCOUT'S BOY.—THE FANCIES OF A BELIEVER.—HOME FROM THE HILL, by W. Robertson Nicoll.—A FOREIGNER. CHAP. X.—XIV.—A HARKA MAIDEN'S LOVE-DITTY.—THE NAVAL WAR IN THE EAST, by W. Laird Clowes.—GENERAL BOULANGER: AN OBJECT-LESSON IN FRENCH POLITICS.—A CHANGE OF CZARS.

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FOR BILE,

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HEADACHE,

HEARTBURN,

INDIGESTION,

ETC.

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"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheikh, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

## COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

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FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY, COMMENCING

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1895.

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TO MOTHERS.

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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For ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NIGHT COUGH, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS AND ALL

## LUNG TROUBLES.

SAFE AND RELIABLE.

Established 70 Years.

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FOR WINTER USE IS

**Beetham's**

Ensures Soft White Skin

**Glycerine & Cucumber.**

IT PRESERVES THE SKIN  
from the effects of Frost, Cold Winds, Hard Water, and Inferior Soaps.  
Removes and Prevents all Redness, Roughness, Chaps, Irritation, &c.  
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**CURE ASTHMA**

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Toilet "Lanoline".....6 & 1/2  
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CURE TORPID LIVER WITHOUT FAIL.

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SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH.

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WHITE SOUND TEETH. FRAGRANT BREATH. HEALTHY GUMS.

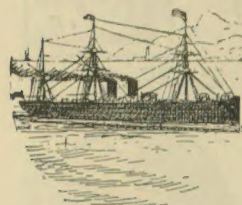
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Is one of the grandest remedies in the world for Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, and all derangements of the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver and Bowels. If taken in time will check colds and fevers. The Curative Compound is quite unlike

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It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels. It strengthens the excretory organs and restores the regular and natural action, and removes all impurities from the blood.

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They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
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Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

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FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

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A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

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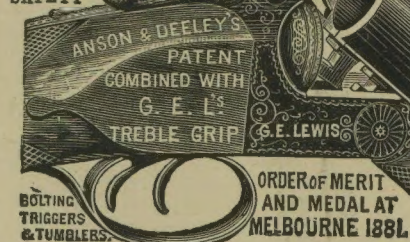
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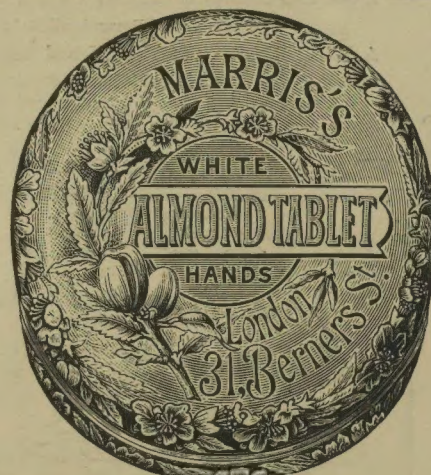
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